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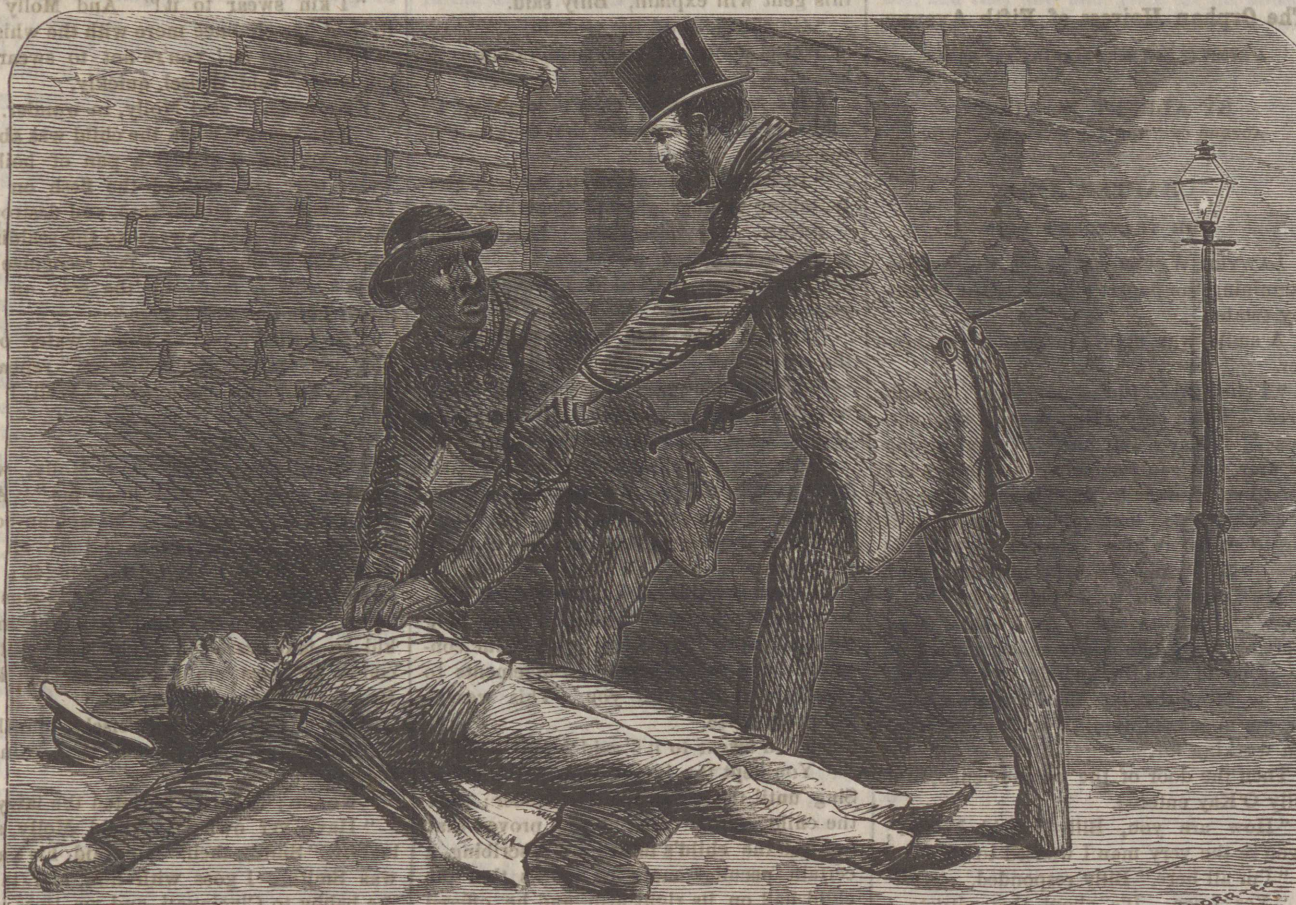
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THE MAN STOPPED TO UNFASTEN THE SMALL DIAMOND PIN, WHEN A HAND WAS LAID UPON HIS SHOULDER.

**\$50,000 Reward;**

## THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.

Author of "The Masked Miner," "Under Bail," "Silver Hoofs," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Long, stormy winter night had passed, the day broke, and the glad sunlight shone over the face of the snow-covered earth. The clouds had blown themselves away, and the air, though keen and frosty, was clear and brilliant.

The pavements were covered deep with the glittering drapery of the ice-king, the car-tracks were blocked, and huge drifts of the driven snow were piled all along the southern exposure of the streets running east and west.

But the rising sun brought with it no consolation for poor Fanny, the colored maid of Sadie Sayton. The girl's eyes were red with weeping, and her face so wan and haggard after a wakeful night, wore a brooding, anxious expression.

Soon after Sadie had left her room in the hotel on the night before, the colored girl had dropped cozily into an arm-chair, and in her own rude way set herself to thinking; and then, before Fanny knew it, she had slid very naturally into a half-doze—then into a sound sleep. The girl was soon in the land of dreams. She slumbered on and was only awakened by the hoarse shouting of firemen; and the jingling of their clamorous bells, as a company dashed by toward the scene of some conflagration.

Fanny sat up in the chair, and rubbed her eyes. Then she started and glanced at the clock which was ticking so loudly on the wall. Then the girl cast her eyes toward the bed.

That bed was smooth and unrumpled. Fanny sprang to her feet. Sadie had not returned, and the hands on the clock pointed to half-past twelve.

Up and down the room, strode the girl, now and then—in fact almost momentarily—pausing and bending her ear, when she thought she had at last caught the welcome sound of steps, which she knew so well. But then, the steps passed on by the door of the chamber, and died away gradually in another direction. And then a look of disappointment crept over the sad face of the anxious servant.

Thus the time wore on, and still Sadie Sayton came not. Fanny would have gone out in the storm in search of her missing young mistress; but she was afraid—not of the storm itself—but that she would get lost. Then, too, her mistress might return at any moment.

And all night long, from the time she had been awakened by the fire-bells, Fanny walked up and down the room anxiously—fearfully.

The day dawned—the sun arose, and still the girl strode up and down the apartment, listening as ever intently for the coming footsteps of her mistress, which would bring contentment and rest to her wearied, troubled soul.

And Sadie had not yet come.

The breakfast hour at the hotel rolled around, and at the proper time Fanny descended. But the affectionate creature

could not partake of what had been prepared. She was thinking of her mistress, and of her unaccountable absence. "She did not, however, speak of her troubles or anxiety to any one, but returned to Sadie's room sad and downhearted as ever."

The sun arose gradually in the heavens, and the day was speeding away. Eleven o'clock rolled around.

Still Sadie Sayton had not returned; still Fanny, the colored girl, walked the room by turns, and gazed anxiously from the window. But the well-known form of her, so dear to her, did not appear.

Suddenly the girl paused in her restless promenade; a thought had struck her.

It was now a bright, clear day, and now, too, there was no danger of being lost. She would go out and search for her mistress, and inquire after her.

Alas! The poor girl did not realize what a large city, spread around her, swallowed her up as it were; she could not comprehend that some one must have seen "Miss Sadie," and could give her tidings of the absent one!

The girl lost no time in putting her newly-awakened thought into the shape of a resolve, and then this resolve into speedy execution.

She was soon arrayed for outside weather. Then carefully locking the door, she left word with a maid on that floor, to tell Miss Sayton, in case she returned soon, that the key was with the clerk. Then she hurried down-stairs, thence through the long hall, out into the cold, busy street, along which

recorders were dashing and sleigh-bells jingling. The girl was at first bewildered; but, after standing still for a moment, recovered herself, and joining the throng walked up Chestnut street. At every female figure which she passed, she gave a quick, scrutinizing glance; but she did not stop.

Suddenly, however, as she reached the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut, she paused as if a shot.

Her gaze was bent upon the tall form of a man just ahead of her. He was hurrying across the street to the opposite—that is, the north side.

With startling eyes and mouth ajar, the girl riveted her stare upon the gentleman. But it was evident he had not seen her; for, without looking around, he reached the other side of Chestnut street, turned directly up, and hastening on, entered the Chestnut street theater.

It was the hour for rehearsal. Fanny gazed at the door in which she had seen the gentleman enter, at least ten minutes after he had disappeared from view. Then shaking her head sagely, she turned away and said:

"If dat man warn't Marse Allan Hill, den I'm blind! dat's all! He was in a monstrous hurry anyway, to git in dat big house over dar. Wonder if Miss Sadie knows he's here by dis time? Wonder, too, if Marse Allan knows any thing 'bout Miss Sadie?"

Well, he's done gone now, and I must look 'round for dat poor gal! Well, well! who'd ever a-thought dat dis—"

The rest of Fanny's soliloquy was lost as she turned at once into the great throng surging along. And then the untutored creature began to ask almost every one she met if they had seen any thing of "Miss Sadie."

Thus engaged we will leave the girl, and go to others who claim our attention.

Agnes Hope had been left all alone by Frank Hayworth that morning; but, before leaving, the young man had procured a good breakfast for the orphan girl and himself.

Agnes was not afraid to remain alone in the old house. In due time the solemn-visaged undertaker sent by the actor, had come, and with his assistants, silently made his arrangements. Then he had gone and returned again with a wagon containing the neat but plain coffin.

And still Agnes was without friend or consoler in the house of death. The actor was compelled to be absent; he had a great deal to attend to. And, after he had seen the undertaker, and left full directions with him, he had hurried on to the theater to be ready at rehearsal; also to inform the management that poor Agnes could not, that night, play the role of Emily St. Bernard, and to give the reason therefor.

This was his errand, when Fanny saw him and watched him go eagerly at Twelfth and Chestnut, and—strange to say—called him by another name—one with which, to a certain extent, the reader has become acquainted.

As soon as the actor was free from his duties at the theater, he had hurried away back to the humble abode on Catharine street.

The day wore itself slowly away; four o'clock came and the solemn hearse drew up in front of the lonely dwelling on that humble thoroughfare of "down-town." Behind came a single carriage. In that vehicle was a minister.

Then the good doctor's carriage drew up. In a few moments all were within the house.

Then a last view was taken of the pinched face of the dead woman lying so calm, so still in the coffin; then the lid was screwed down—then the coffin solemnly borne forth and placed in the hearse waiting for it.

Agnes, leaning on Frank Hayworth's arm, walked firmly down, and entered the carriage. The minister, and then the young actor, followed; and in a moment the little procession was in slow progress.

The cemetery—Laurel Hill—was reached, a few words were spoken, in a solemn, hushed tone, by the minister, and then the remains were lowered to their last resting place.

And then the carriage was turned toward home. And what a home now for Agnes Hope!

As they were leaving the gate, two men passed by; one was a gigantic black, the other a white man. Frank Hayworth started slightly as he saw them.

But then the carriage rattled away. Late that evening, Willis Wildfern strolled into the office of a morning paper. In a moment or so he came forth, and sauntered down-town. He finally reached Locust. Up this street he turned.

That night Frank Hayworth was quite tame as *Hawthorne*; and the part of the giddy Emily St. Bernard was not played by Agnes Hope, the orphan.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### LOOKING FOR TRAILS.

THAT same night when to everybody's surprise Frank Hayworth played the part of *Hawthorne* so tamely—in fact, so tamely that, failing to make use of certain points, he was hissed by the audience—just as soon as the play was over, the actor hurried out from the theater, and took his way rapidly down Twelfth street.

He paused for nothing. He was thinking of Agnes Hope, all alone in that dreary, desolate house on Catharine street—he was thinking of the wintriness, the despairing gloom of her soul! He was thinking of the heart-trials that poor girl had undergone—he was thinking of that trying scene between him and her, when the almost broken-hearted orphan maid had learned beyond a peradventure, that between herself and Frank Hayworth a mighty mountain reared itself—that a wide gulf, deep and black, was stretching before her, far away to an unbroken shore.

And the actor was thinking, too, of that wild, despairing look that blazed from the large, lustrous eyes of Agnes Hope—of the fire which so soon faded from those eyes. Then he thought of the silent prayer to God for help and strength—then of the holy quiet overspreading the soul—then of the newly-forged link, so binding and so tender, which, as brother and sister, joined him and Agnes together.

All this, and more, was filling the young man's bosom, as he strode on through the cold, cutting wind. But he paused not once.

Under such circumstances it was not a matter of wonder that he had failed to render his part in the play so entirely without blemish and spot, as, despite his popularity, to call down hisses, and to elicit from the stage-manager the curt advice, to be more careful at the next performance.

The truth is—and the reader can readily infer it—Frank Hayworth was not himself. We can not blame him, that he heeded neither the condemning hisses nor the manager's practical admonition! His mind was filled with other, more sympathizing, higher thoughts; and on this night, down in his soul, he cared for nothing save, that through some instrumentality, he might be able to console the sorrowing heart of Agnes Hope, the orphan.

It was now nearly midnight, and the scanty moon, which in the earlier part of the evening had flung its wan light over the great city, covered by its sheeny drapery, had sunk behind the steel-blue horizon.

Frank Hayworth was now well down in the lower part of the city. The lamps were becoming more sparse, the way more desolate and drear.

And then he heard naught but his footsteps crunching the snow along some stretch of neglected pavement. But he had often trod the way before, and at all times of night trod it when there was desolation in his heart, a gloomy pall stretching between him and the future, that future of which he could not tell.

He had trod this way, and others, when there was a blank in his soul, when almost without a penny in his pocket—homeless and famished—he had strolled hither, wandered thither, dreaming of Sadie, nourishing her image in his heart, and thinking of the time, which then seemed so far off, when he could keep a bank account!

So the young man heeded not the swart shadows lying around him, heeded not the desolation of the spot through which he was striding; for blacker shadows than these were, flinging their gloom over his heart, and a desolation far sterner and ominous than that around him, was setting over him.

He hurried on. He was near his point of destination, and a thrill of pleasure shot through his system as he knew that in a few moments, he could, by his presence, cheer away the clouds overhanging Agnes Hope, and bring a ray of sunshine to the orphan's face.

Suddenly, however, he halted. He had reached an open lot, or rather a lot made open by the burning, long since, of a house. The broken, jagged, blackened walls of that destroyed house, standing here and there in the gray gloom, looked weird and grotesque enough.

But Frank Hayworth had not paused to scan the ruins by the gray gleam of a moonless winter night.

He had seen two figures flitting on ahead of him several times. These figures had all at once disappeared in the gloom, and amid the ruins of the old house.

This movement looked suspicious. Frank Hayworth paused, and felt anxiously in his pocket.

"We will return for a while—some hours at least—and follow the fortunes of Fanny."

It may be remembered that we left the poor girl wandering up and down Chestnut street. At first the negro was bewildered, as she was swept along almost against her will, by the flux and reflux of the thronging crowds. The sight was an unusual one for Fanny. The rich dresses, the seemingly countless multitude, the jingling of sleigh-bells, the shouts of hilarious laughter, the

fascinating shop-windows—all contributed to make the girl feel foolish and nonplussed. But this spirit died away; for Fanny was sick at heart, and she had gone out upon another errand, than to look around her or to be mystified. She was seeking her beloved mistress. So she set to work at once, making inquiries.

At first, people were inclined to laugh at the poor, simple-hearted creature; but when they marked how earnest were her words, and when they saw tears standing in the girl's eyes, they spoke kindly to her.

All day long Fanny wandered about. Several times she had been completely lost, but was soon set right again. She did not return to the hotel to dinner, but kept up her search, and continued to ask all she met if they had seen or heard any thing of "Miss Sadie."

And then the day was drawing to a close, and the shadows in the street were lengthened and distorted.

And Fanny's search had been fruitless. Slowly the poor girl turned herself about, and with tears in her eyes, and sadness in her heart, commenced to retrace her steps toward the hotel.

As she passed a policeman, who stood on the corner of a street, she paused. A new idea had struck her. She would speak to him and get his advice.

She told the officer all her trouble, and then asked his assistance. The policeman looked very grave and serious when he heard the strange tale told him. At first he did not answer, but scrutinized the girl's face searchingly. It was evident he did not at first believe her statement; or perhaps he thought that she was crazed; and he bade her tell the story again, watching her keenly all the time, to detect some flaw, some inconsistency. But Fanny did not blunder; she told the same tale again, and, as before, her tears flowed profusely. She begged the policeman piteously to help her friend, her "Miss Sadie."

The officer questioned her closely and rapidly, for a few moments—learned how long she had been in the city—gained an inkling of the object of her visit, found out about Sadie going to the theater, and her failure to return to the hotel. Then he paused in his questioning, and pondered for several moments. Looking up, however, he bade the girl return to the hotel, and not to go out, and that he would see that proper search was made for her mistress.

Fanny hurried home at once; but as yet she had not acquainted those at the hotel with the absence of Sadie.

Late that evening, when the officer was relieved at his post, he hastened down Chestnut street, and called at the theater. The lamps were just lit in front of the play-house.

The officer waited impatiently a few moments. Then the doors were opened. Upon inquiring he learned nothing more than what the reader already knows. The box-agent told him that a young lady answering to the description, as given by the officer—he having received the same minutely from Fanny—had purchased an orchestra seat late the previous evening, just a moment before the curtain had gone up. Further than that he knew nothing; perhaps the watchman could tell him.

After waiting awhile that individual appeared.

He had seen a girl lying, half-supported, in a man's arms, in the lobby, after the theater was out. Who the man was he could not say. He might know him, should he see him again, and—he might not. But he stated that when he returned that night from hauling the fires, and extinguishing the lights, the girl had disappeared, and the man was standing on the pavement.

This was all the officer could learn at the theater; and he then hastened away to the St. Lawrence Hotel. Thence he bent his steps toward the Central Station House.

Before eight o'clock that night a special detail of detectives were quickly scattering about in the great city, in search of Sadie Sayton.

When the policeman had stood that evening in the Chestnut street theater, and spoke with the night-watchman, he had not noticed that a tall man for an instant passed in the shade of one of the large lamps, and glared at the two.

Nor had he heard the low, satisfied chuckle of the tall man, as he rubbed his hands together and walked away.

That man was Willis Wildfern; he had just parted, in a low quarter of Juniper street, from a gigantic black. And as he walked on, he muttered to himself:

In a few moments he had handed an advertisement, in a disguised hand-writing, to one of the clerks in the office of a morning paper.

And Willis Wildfern, with a contented shrug, paid in advance for the advertisement.

Still poor Fanny walked the room in the hotel; but as yet she had heard no welcoming footsteps, and despair was fast unweaving her.

### CHAPTER XVI.

"A FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

FRANK HAYWORTH uttered an exclamation of vexation, as he finished his vain search through his pockets. He had no weapon about him, not even a pen-knife; nor did he have a cane. He was entirely defenseless.

He peered sharply ahead at the gloomy spot where he had seen the two men disappear in the black shadow of the ruined house. Then he glanced behind him. No one was in sight in either direction, back or front. The darkness to the rear was ominous; that in front, more so still. But, be-



hind him the lights ended in a more brilliant perspective than in front; for in the latter case the scattered gas-lamps stretched away into absolute darkness. In fact they did not extend many squares below Catharine street.

The young man was not far from this thoroughfare; one block more and he would have been there.

Frank Hayworth was not a coward; his courage had been put to the test in other places, and under other circumstances.

But this was a lonely place, and he had noticed that the two men had kept persistently ahead of him, ever since he had crossed Locust street. He was unarmed, too, and he was convinced—that he seemed to feel it—that those late prowlers had their eyes upon him, and meant him no especial good.

This was annoying; he was anxious to get to Catharine street, to the lodgings of poor Agnes that he might speak to her words of comfort and friendship. He did not wish to turn back; for he fancied that, whoever they were watching him, they knew of his errand—that this espionage over his movements might have some connection with Agnes, who was all alone in the dreary, desolate house in this disreputable quarter of the city. He feared that if he turned back Agnes might be exposed to some wicked attempts of those who would harm her.

This reflection determined him, upon his course of action; he would not leave the poor girl thus exposed. He knew of a certain party in the city, who on more occasions than one had persecuted her, and he knew something of a promise and an oath!

He determined to go on at all hazards. And on the morrow, however much talk it might create, he intended, if the girl consented, to remove Agnes to the boarding-house in which he himself had lodgings. She could then be under his protection.

But when his overcoat around him, the young man keeping his eyes well about him, strode forward along the lonely way.

He reached the gloomy shade of the old burnt walls, hanging threateningly over the street, and as yet he had seen no more of the two figures, who had disappeared just there.

Do what he could, Frank Hayworth trembled slightly, as, at last, he stood full in the black shadow; and then he quickened his pace. He was almost clear of the place—his feet were upon the next sidewalk—when in the twinkling of an eye, two forms dashed out silently from behind a low, scathed wall, and advanced upon him.

Before the actor could speak, their intention was evident.

The young man paused and retreated rapidly; but one of those attacking rushed boldly on him.

Then suddenly Frank Hayworth again paused, and as the waylayer dashed forward, he met him with a heavy blow in the face. Nothing human could stand up under that venal stroke, and the man went down like an ox.

But before the actor could follow up his advantage, the other, a perfect giant in stature, rushed upon him and dealt him a stunning blow with his clinched fist.

The stroke fell with a fearful thud. With a groan or a cry, the actor sunk on the snow-covered walkway.

In an instant the Herculean fellow was above him—his red eyes burning down upon the dead-white face of the prostrate man—his hands in his pockets. In a moment, he had rudely torn open the overcoat, and was about searching the vest-pockets, when suddenly a faint sparkle as from a stone glittered in his eyes. With a low chuckle, the man stooped, unfastened the small diamond-pin, and was about transferring it to his own pocket, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Give me the jewel, my good fellow; I want it as evidence. Besides, I will balance it in gold, and you can keep what else you may find."

Thus spoke a voice in a low tone at the other's elbow.

The words came from him who had fallen before Frank Hayworth's first and only blow.

The gigantic fellow hesitated for a moment.

"All right, of course. Any thing to accommodate you," and he handed the stone to the other.

This man quickly placed it in his vest-pocket, and then said:

"Come, we must be off—Pshaw! never mind him; he'll come to. So don't look scared. Now, hurry to the rendezvous; tonight we must move. I'll meet you at half-past one."

"All right; I am off," said the man, turning at once; and he hurried back up Twelfth street.

Then he who had received the diamond stood still for a moment and gazed about him.

"All right," he muttered. "Two birds with one stone! Ay! And, yes, the coast is clear. Now, my pretty one, we will see if certain memories—old-time pledges, hold good with you! We'll see, too, if a mark can be made! Something! any thing to make up for the other failure!"

So saying, he hurried away toward Catharine street, and the other followed him.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.

\* \* \* AGNES HOPE walked uneasily up and down the limits of the room, in which we have seen her. A deep shade of anxious thought was upon her face, and her eyes glanced furtively, frowningly, around her. Anon she would pause, and bend her ear, as some chance sound echoed in the quiet room.

But again, with a sad shake of the head, she would resume her restless promenade; and then the anxious, yearning expression deepened to one of downright fear.

The girl halted and glanced timidly around her. Her gaze fell upon the bed. Despite her efforts she shuddered and started back.

The bed was now neatly arranged; the white sheets were scrupulous in their appearance, and so folded down as to cover the largest rent in the old threadbare coverlid.

But Agnes remembered well the scene of the night before; however tight she might close her eyes, there on that bed she could see the shrunken form, the pallid death-dewed features, and hollow eyes of her poor old mother—the one who had loved her so affectionately, so devotedly, since the dawn of her recollection.

And that mother was gone now; her wan, yet always welcoming, face was hidden beneath a coffin-lid, away down under the overlying snow and the frozen mold of the quiet Laurel Hill.

Agnes felt her loneliness keenly; she missed the kindly company of her invalid mother; she missed the dim eye flashing forth its faint, but earnest welcome; she missed the tremulous words of greeting, the warm embrace of a mother's love.

Silently she gazed at the bed; and as she looked, the expression of fear and shrinking passed slowly away. A soft, subdued quiet stole over her pale features—tears bedimmed her large, black eyes, and with a gurgling sob, which she strove to repress, the orphan girl sunk down upon her knees—her face buried in the faded, time-worn coverlid.

Long she knelt there without sign or motion, in the awe-inspiring silence of the lonely chamber.

Agnes Hope was praying! Suddenly a neighboring clock sounded on the quiet air. Its echoes flooded the lonely room, and startled the ears of the orphan maiden.

The girl started and raised her face—that face wet with tears; then she slowly arose to her feet.

Though her eyes were red, and her face wet with her falling tears, and marked with lines of agony and suffering which had torn her bosom; yet the expression resting on the sad countenance now, was sweet and resigned, like unto that of a spotless vestal.

The girl's prayer had been answered; she had sought and found.

"Successes of Sorrow."

The echoing clock-bell vibrated in the room, and its solemn quaver recalled the girl to her lonely, cheerless situation.

"Eleven o'clock," she muttered. "Thank God for it! For—Frank will soon be here, and I believe I would die if I had to stay here all alone! The play will soon be over, and Frank promised to come as soon as the curtain was down.

What would people say—the great, idle, gossiping world—God be thanked that our world is not large—if it were known that Frank Hayworth and myself stayed alone in this old house to-night!"

The pure, guileless maiden started as she asked herself the question, and for an instant a spreading blush crimsoned her cheeks. But this passed off almost at once, as she murmured: "God, the searcher of all hearts, knows where dwells real innocence. And yet—"

She paused again, and once more the carnation tint bloomed on her thin, white cheeks.

"No! no! no!" she muttered. "I must cease to love Frank Hayworth, other than as a sister! I forswore him! I can not—will not break that promise! Yet, oh! God! the agony! Is it not better that I—should die, than live thus?"

She suddenly exclaimed: "No! Certainly in the grave there is oblivion, a balm for all earthly love! Is there? Is it not rather that 'After death the judgment?' No, no! I away unworthy thought! I will live yet and be a sister to him. I will be happy in aiding him to be happy."

She paused, and turning about, began to walk the limits of the room, again, her fair face sweet and resigned, her head with its raven hair bowed upon the heaving bosom.

Up and down she strode. Some time passed. Still Agnes Hope, with thoughtful step, walked the uncarpeted floor of her poverty-stricken home.

A half-hour went by—then three-quarters; and the dreary midnight was fast approaching.

At length Agnes paused.

"Frank is—late to-night," she muttered. "Can he have forgotten his promise? Has he simply promised, indeed, that he may thus get away from me—say good-by to me? Has—has—oh, God! has Frank forsaken me? No! no! I wrong him. Something has delayed him. Can any harm have befallen him? My God! I shudder! The

darkness outside the light of the moon; the spots of darkness in the

way is lonely—the night dark and cold, and few are abroad. Good heavens! Suppose that—"

At that moment there was a cautious rattle at the door down-stairs. Then the rattle was more decided; and then the door gave way. In a moment heavy, hurried footsteps echoed in the narrow hall beneath—then upon the creaking staircase.

"Thank God!" and a blush came to her face as she spoke; "he has come at last! Ha! I forgot I had locked my door. I am coming, Frank!" and she bounded forward and opened the door.

A man strode in; and Agnes Hope, glancing quickly at him, uttered a wild, heart-rending cry and reeled back in the room.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

## The Scarlet Hand:

OR,  
The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTHS AND HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "THE ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRAVELER'S REST.

LAWYER WEISEL sat in his dingy office, examining the papers relative to the Strathroy estate.

A smile was upon the face of the lawyer.

"I shall make that stake, sure," he muttered. "The only thing now is this witness of O'Kay's. If she's a good strong swearer, and can remember the facts that I want her to swear to, why, the whole chain of evidence will be complete. I'd be willing to go before any judge or jury in the land with it, and I'd win my case, sure. There's only one weak point, and that I know and no one else. And what's more, there ain't any one likely to even guess at it. I could win the whole estate for my Allyne Strathroy, but there's more money for me in a compromise, and that's what I'm working for."

Then the door of the office opened, and Billy O'Kay entered.

"How are you, Billy?" said Weisel; "you're the very man I wanted to see."

"I'm all here," Billy responded.

"Yes, I see. It's about that witness—the woman you spoke of. I'd like to see her. Who is she, and what is she like?"

"Well, I don't exactly know what her name is," Billy answered. "I never heard her called any thing but Irish Molly."

"That's a suggestive name," said Weisel.

"Yes," responded Billy. "She hangs out in a little basement liquor-store in Baxter street, called the 'Traveler's Rest.'"

"That's another suggestive name, especially for that locality."

"Yes; well, she hangs out there. I'll take you right down there if you want to see her."

"Well, I do; about how old is she?"

"Somewhere round fifty, I should judge."

"Good strong swearer?"

"Oh, yes. She'll swear to any thing you like, and stick to it, too, under the hardest cross-examination, provided you pay her enough, and she's quite reasonable as to terms."

"That's good," said Weisel, approvingly.

"All you've got to do is to let her know what you want. She is a little stupid at getting hold of any thing, 'cos she's soaked in liquor 'bout all the time. But if she once gets it into her head, the devil himself can't drive it out."

"She'll be the very woman," said Weisel, with an air of triumph. "You see I want her to personate the wife of the English burglar, Jimmy Kand, alias 'Jimmy the Tiger,' who had charge of the child in Sing Sing village, who carried it out West and then brought it to New York city, as I told you the other day, if you remember."

"Yes," said Billy.

"I've just made a memorandum of the history that she is to swear to."

"That's the ticket!" cried Billy. "Just you read it over to her, two or three times so as to get it into her head, and she'll swear to it as naturally as if it all happened to her."

"Let's be going, then."

So Weisel and Billy started for the "Traveler's Rest."

Weisel found that it was a little basement liquor saloon as Billy had said.

The two entered and inquired for Irish Molly.

"She's up-stairs in her room," said the woman behind the little bar. "Here, Patsy!" and she called to a tow-headed urchin, "show Mr. O'Kay"—Billy was well known in that region—"to Irish Molly's room."

The boy conducted the two to a terribly dirty little room on the second story.

Irish Molly sat on a low stool, smoking a short black pipe. The household articles in the room were few in number; consisting only of the stool upon which Molly sat, an old straw mattress spread upon the floor with a ragged blanket over it, a broken chair, a small bit of looking-glass, held by tacks to the wall, and a suspicious-looking black bottle.

Molly herself was a stout, gross-looking woman of fifty, with bloated features and coarse, yellowish-gray hair.

"What do you want?" she asked, looking up at the two men.

"We want to see you on business. I've got a job for you," said Billy, as he entered the room.

"Talkin' dry work," said Molly, significantly, in a coarse voice, with just a touch of the "brogue" perceptible.

"That's so; yer head's level, I see, Molly. Patsy, bring us up a bottle of whisky—good, now, mind." Billy gave the boy the money and he speedily returned with a bottle and glasses.

Then Billy closed the door.

"Molly, I want to see you on business. I've got a job for you," said Billy, as he entered the room.

"Talkin' dry work," said Molly, significantly, in a coarse voice, with just a touch of the "brogue" perceptible.

"That's so; yer head's level, I see, Molly. Patsy, bring us up a bottle of whisky—good, now, mind." Billy gave the boy the money and he speedily returned with a bottle and glasses.

Then Billy closed the door.

Molly gulped down a glass half-full of the raw whisky with great gusto.

"It warms me inside," she said, as she smacked her lips.

Weisel thought he could drink almost any thing in the whisky line down to alcohol, but after taking a sip of the liquor furnished by the "Traveler's Rest," he concluded that it was too much, even for his throat, which was almost fire-proof.

"We want you as a witness, Molly; this gent will explain," Billy said.

"Go ahead," said the woman.

Weisel took out the memorandum he had made.

"It's to prove a child's identity," he said; "you're the woman that took care of the child."

"In course I kin swear to it," said Molly, taking another glass of the whisky.

"Now, pay attention. Here's what you've got to swear to."

The woman nodded and took another glass of the liquor.

"In the year 1848, you was living in the village of Sing Sing. Your husband—an English burglar—was serving out a term in Sing Sing prison. His name was Jimmy Kand, alias 'Jimmy the Tiger.'"

"Why, how well you knows who I am, don't yer?" said the woman, with a grin, and then she took another swig at the whisky-bottle, disdaining the use of a glass this time.

Weisel saw that Molly understood him.

"While you were living in Sing Sing village, in the year 1848, one of the convicts in the prison made arrangements to board an infant with you. This was in February, 1848."

"I kin swear to it!" said Molly.

"You kept the infant with you in Sing Sing until the following November; then the child's father came to you, proved that he was the child's father by describing a certain peculiar mark or marks that the child had on its right arm, and he offered to pay you handsomely to take the child and go with him. He said his name was Smith—"

"More like if he had a said his name was Brown," muttered the woman, again resorting to the whisky-bottle.

"No, no! Smith is better; it's more common, and he would be more apt to say that," said Weisel. "The burglar had forgot the name that Strathroy took, but he said that it was some common name and I thought Smith would be the best," he continued aside, to Billy.

"Oh, stick to Smith," Billy replied.

"He said his name was Smith."

"Just as you likes—Smith," grunted Molly.

"Yes, Smith. You consented and went with him to Cincinnati and lived in a small brick house on Plum street, between Fifth and Sixth—"

"Seventh and Eighth would be better," interrupted Molly, who evidently wanted to have a hand in forming the evidence that she was to swear to.

"No, no," said Weisel, impatiently; "you must swear to and tell it as I say. You see there is a woman somewhere who could swear to all this if I could find her, because it all happened."

"Why, in course it did! Can't I swear to it?" exclaimed Molly, again, paying her respects to the whisky.

"Very well; but remember what I say," said Weisel. "After you had been about three months in Cincinnati, your husband, whose term in prison had expired, came on to Cincinnati and persuaded you to rob this Mr. Smith—as you had discovered that he had considerable money—and take the child and go with him back to New York, which you did."

"Wouldn't it be better to say we killed the man?" Molly asked, with a grin; "it would be more nat'ral, you know, fur me and the Tiger fur to do."

"No, no, you'd get yourself in trouble!" cried Weisel. "Just say that you robbed him in the night, and with the child and your husband, the 'Tiger,' came to New York."

"I kin swear to it," and Molly indulged in more whisky.

"You staid in New York, in a house on Baxter street—No. 40—till the child was about six years old; and by the way, when you got to New York, you discovered from the papers that you took from Mr. Smith, that his real name was Clinton Strathroy, and that the child was his son, Allyne Strathroy, by a first wife."

"True as gospel," said Molly, with a knowing wink.

"Well, after staying in New York till the child was about six years old—that brings it to '53—your husband, the Tiger, deserted you for a younger and prettier woman, named Kate Harding."

"Yes, the villain, he was to do it!" exclaimed Molly.

"Exactly—that's the idea!" cried Weisel, in delight. "You laid in wait for this woman one dark night and stabbed her with a carving-knife. Then, in order to get out of the way of the police, you went

to Boston, staid there some years, then finally came back to New York under an assumed name."

"Right you are, my chicken!" exclaimed Molly. "The whisky was evidently beginning to take effect upon her."

"Of course, when you went to Boston, you lost sight of this child, but you could easily identify it again by a peculiar mark, or marks, upon the right arm. Three moles, about an inch apart, in the shape of a triangle. Do you know what a triangle is?"

"In course I does," said Molly, in drunken indignation. "Look here." Then wetting her fingers in the whisky she drew the three moles, forming a triangle, on the palm of her hand correctly.

"That's it!" cried Weisel.

"Of course. I kin swear to the three moles on the baby's right arm. Just here, eh?" And Molly laid her hand upon the upper part of her arm, near the elbow.

"Yes, yes! that's the very place!"

"I kin swear to it!" And Molly refreshed herself once more with the whisky.

"But, hold on! you're not to swear to the moles," said Weisel, quickly.

"No moles?" said Molly, in wonder.

"No; because when the child was about five years old, it pulled a pan of boiling water over and scalded the flesh on the arm where the moles were, and destroyed them. You must swear to the scalding; that's the strong point. You recognize the child—now a man—by the scar on the arm where the moles were."

"He pulled a pan of boiling water onto him and scalded the moles off," repeated Molly, evidently bothered. "Well, I kin swear to that, too, if you say so."

"And that's all!"

"That's easy 'nuff," said Molly, with drunken gravity. "Jist hear me." And then, in a sing-song voice, the woman commenced, rocking herself to and fro on the stool: "I lived in Sing Sing in '48; my husband, Jimmy Kand, the Tiger, was in 'quod.' A cove in 'quod, too, sent me a kid to take care on. The kid's father comes an' pays me for to steal the kid. He says his name is Brown—"

"No, no!" interrupted Weisel. "Smith!"

"Brown is better," said the woman, doggedly.

"No, no; Smith!" repeated the lawyer.

"Have yer own way," said Molly, sullenly. "Smith, then. He said his name was Smith. I goes with him, and takes the baby to Cincinnati, and we lives in a house on Plum, between Seventh and Eighth streets—"

"No, no!" again interrupted Weisel; "between Fifth and Sixth."

"Tother's better," said Molly, obstinately.

"No, no! it must be as I say!"

"All right—between Fifth and Sixth. Then my husband comes. We go for the man— No, for the money—an' don't say nothin' 'bout the man. Then we comes to New York. We looks over the papers an' find the cove's name is Clinton Strathroy, an' the little kid wot I's got is Allyne Strathroy, a son by a first wife. My old man goes after another woman. I go fur her with a carving-knife, an' maybe I didn't slice her—"

"Don't dwell on that!" cried Weisel.

"It's nat'ral, I know; an' you do it very well, indeed, but it isn't to the point."

"Then I goes to Boston. Afterward comes to New York, an' recognizes the kid by the three moles in a triangle on his arm."

"No, no!" cried Weisel, in despair. "If you say that, you'll upset the whole thing. You recognize the child by the scald on the arm, where the moles have been."

"Oh, I forgot the boiling water," said Molly. "Hear me ag'in."

Then she rehearsed the story again. She got the story right exactly, excepting that she would say Brown instead of Smith, and Seventh and Eighth streets instead of Fifth and Sixth. And as these really made no difference, Weisel told her to have her own way in the matter and say it as she liked, much to Molly's satisfaction. She was strangely obstinate on the point.

So the lawyer left the woman perfectly satisfied.

"It is a most astonishing thing how she could get the story so quickly," Weisel said, after they had got into the street.

"She seemed to know it by heart after once hearing it. She must have an astonishing memory. I defy any cross-examination to shake her testimony. It's funny, though, that she would stick to Brown and to the other streets, but it doesn't matter. Billy, we'll make our stake, sure!"

But this world is very uncertain.

to Boston, staid there some years, then finally came back to New York under an assumed name."

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"Yes, yes! that's the very place!"

"I kin swear to it!" And Molly refreshed herself once more with the whisky.





taken to discover and recapture her. Second, to inform him of the existence of a second Allyne Strathroy, and of the claim that the second Allyne had put forward respecting the Strathroy estate.

Allyne heard the lawyer's story through without comment.

"It's a very ugly affair," said Chubbet, after he had finished.

"You think, then, that this man—my half-brother—can claim the whole estate?" asked Allyne, thoughtfully.

"Beyond a doubt, if he can establish the marriage of his mother with your father, and prove his own identity. And from the papers his lawyer has allowed me to see, there can be but little doubt that he will succeed in doing it."

"And yet he offers to compromise for fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and my dear Mr. Allyne, I believe that I am advising you for your own good when I say that you ought to accept it," said Chubbet, with dignity.

"But, if they are so sure of their case, why should they want to compromise?" asked Allyne.

"To avoid the lawsuit, which will be long and expensive," replied the lawyer.

"I must say, that they have acted in a very straightforward and honorable manner in the affair. Their claim is strong beyond a doubt; but, don't take my word for it. Examine with your own eyes. They offer fairly. They will let you examine both the papers and the witnesses; put any questions you like to them. They feel so sure that you yourself will see the justice of their claim, under your father's will, that you will not hesitate for a moment in compromising the affair."

"It does look as if they felt certain of winning."

"Of course it does!" cried Chubbet. "As I have said, they have acted very honorably in the matter. Why, if they had chosen, the first notification of the affair that we would have received, would have been a summons to appear and 'show cause,' etc."

"That is very true," said Allyne, thoughtfully, and with a gloomy brow. The blows were coming thick and fast upon him.

"Of course it is true, my dear boy. For your own sake, I advise a compromise. If you insist upon carrying the matter into the courts, and they should triumph, you would lose everything. Therefore, compromise while you can. I am acting for your interest in giving this advice."

"I will examine into the affair. Is there a weak spot in the chain of evidence that they offer?"

"Well," said Chubbet, thoughtfully, "the question of this Allyne's identity is the point. The marriage of his mother they can prove. There isn't a doubt. I have examined the papers and they can not be questioned. But the identity of the young man—only a year older than yourself—unless they can prove beyond a doubt that he is Allyne Strathroy, son of your father, Clinton Strathroy, and Lizzie, his first wife, whose maiden name was Duke, their whole case falls to the ground. But, if they can prove it, his claim to the estate, under your father's will, can not be disputed."

"How do they intend to prove this man's identity?" Allyne asked.

"By the woman who had charge of him while a baby. He has some peculiar mark on his body, too, that will in a measure serve to identify him," replied Chubbet.

"Then the whole case will rest on this woman's evidence?"

"Yes."

"I must see her, then," said Allyne, firmly.

"They are perfectly willing."

"They must be sure, then, that her evidence will prove what they want," said Strathroy, in a tone of conviction.

"Yes; it looks like it, certainly."

"I will see the woman, but I must see her alone. I think that I am acute enough to detect whether she is telling the truth, or only a story that she has been paid to swear to."

"I will tell Mr. Weisel—he is the lawyer on the other side, a sharp fellow—and ask him to bring or send the woman up here this evening."

"Very well; that will do," Allyne replied.

"I trust I will have Miss Blanche in my hands soon. She can not escape the search long," Chubbet said, as he departed.

Allyne's brow was sad and gloomy; and no wonder, for over his heart, like a grim shadow, lay the remembrance of a scarlet crime.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## TRAPPING THE BIRD.

CHUBBET, after leaving the house of Strathroy, proceeded at once to his office by means of an omnibus.

The lawyer had not been in the office five minutes, when one of the detective firm, whom he had employed to search for Blanche, entered.

"Any news?" asked Chubbet, anxiously.

"Yes; we have found out where she is."

"Ah, indeed?" exclaimed Chubbet, in joy.

"Yes; a lucky accident put us right on the scent. The young lady is over in Jersey City. The policeman on duty at the ferry used to be up-town. Fifth avenue, from Twentieth to Thirtieth street, was in his beat,

and he knew Miss Maybury by sight very well. Well, when I inquired if he had seen anything of her crossing the ferry—because I had a suspicion that she would try to get out of the city—he said yes."

That she had crossed the ferry with another lady and a gentleman. Then on the other side I found the hackman that had taken the three in his coach. Of course, it was all plain sailing after that. I found the house easy enough. Now you can put your hands on the young lady whenever you like," said the detective.

"I'll go over at once!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"But won't you want any legal papers to get her?"

"Oh, bless you, no!" cried Chubbet. "It's all a mistake. I can explain matters, so that she will have no objection to return. I don't wish to use any compulsion in the matter, whatever."

So, Chubbet, and the detective, hurried over to Jersey City.

Reaching the house wherein Blanche had taken refuge, the lawyer rung the bell.

The door was opened by the lady of the house, Mrs. Fuller, in person.

"I wish to see Miss Blanche Maybury, please," said the lawyer, blandly.

Mrs. Fuller was about to deny that Blanche was in her house, acting in obedience to orders given her by Leonard, but the lawyer, who anticipated what she was about to say, continued:

"I am Mr. Chubbet, madam, guardian to Miss Maybury. I know that the young lady is in your house, and I wish to speak with her. If you will oblige me by going and informing Miss Maybury that I am here, I am sure that she will not refuse to see me. I might demand this as a right, madam, as you must be well aware, as I am her legal guardian and have a detective officer here to enforce my rights. But I am sure Miss Blanche will not refuse to see me. It is a dreadful mistake from beginning to end, and I trust that the young lady will not refuse to listen to my explanation."

The manner of the old lawyer—his bland politeness, and the absence of every thing that looked like a threat—had great weight with the old lady with whom Blanche had taken refuge.

"Well, I will see, sir," she said, "step into the parlor, please."

The lawyer and detective entered the little parlor and sat down, while Mrs. Fuller went up-stairs with the message to Blanche.

In a few minutes the old lady returned and informed the lawyer that Blanche would see him.

Bidding the detective wait, Chubbet followed Mrs. Fuller out of the parlor.

"You will find the young lady in the back room at the head of the stairs," she said.

Chubbet bowed and ascended the stairs.

In a plainly-furnished room, the lawyer found Blanche.

"My dear Miss Blanche, I am extremely glad that you are willing to give me a chance to explain this terrible mistake," said Chubbet, in his blandest tone, taking a seat at the same time by the girl.

"Mr. Chubbet, is there any explanation possible of the way in which I have been treated? Deprived of my liberty, accused of being mad and shut up in a lunatic asylum. Can you explain it?" demanded Blanche, indignantly.

"Yes, my dear child, I can," said Chubbet, in a tone of voice that expressed deep emotion. "I have been deceived, my dear child, as well as you. It is all a terrible mistake. When I left you in the sitting-room in the doctor's house, I went downstairs and there I found Mr. Strathroy. He had his carriage outside and said that he would like to take you home if I had no objection. I thought that perhaps his society would be more agreeable than mine, and beside, I did not know very well how to refuse him. So I consented; got into my carriage and drove off. I hadn't the remotest idea but that you would reach home safely. You can judge of my astonishment, then, my dear child, when I called at the Strathroy mansion yesterday, and Mr. Allyne informed me that he thought your mind was affected and that he had left you at the doctor's house for treatment. I rushed up-town instantly; arrived at the doctor's house just about an hour after you had gone. Of course I was rejoiced at hearing of your release. I set the detectives at work instantly to find out whether you had fled; not for the purpose, my dear child, of carrying you back to that dreadful institution, but to offer you a home in my own house, for, my dear Miss Blanche, I am the same to you as a father, now. I should have taken you to my own house long ago, but you were happy and contented as the guest of Miss Jennie Strathroy."

The explanation of the lawyer seemed reasonable to Blanche. She had never experienced the slightest unkindness at his hands. Indeed, he had always treated her with a father's kindness.

Blanche, too, being fully aware of the desperate passion that filled the breast of Allyne Strathroy, did not wonder at the scheme by which he had sought to restrain her liberty.

"Mr. Chubbet, I want to believe you innocent of this cruel attempt. I do believe that you are innocent," she said, hastily.

"Then, my dear child, show that belief by accepting the shelter of my roof. It cuts me to the heart, when I think of you being under the protection of strangers,"

said Chubbet, in a mournful voice, and wiping an imaginary tear from his right eye.

"I suppose that you will have no objections to my friends calling upon me?" said Blanche.

"My dear, what do you take me for? Do you suppose, even for one single instant, that in inviting you to my house, I am inviting you to a prison? Of course not, my dear child. Have all the friends you like. You will be the mistress of the house. You shall not be commanded by any one, my dear, under my roof."

"Then I will write a line to some friends to let them know where they can find me."

"Certainly, my dear; I will wait," said Chubbet.

Blanche ran to her room, penned a few hasty lines to Margaret, telling her that her guardian had explained his ignorance of the wrong that had been done her, and that she had gone to his house. Then she gave the address, and begged Margaret to call upon her at once.

The letter finished, she placed it in an envelope, sealed it up, and gave it to Mrs. Fuller to post.

Then, getting her hat and cloak, she told the lawyer that she was ready to accompany him.

So, Blanche, the lawyer and the detective, all returned to New York together.

After crossing the ferry, the lawyer and Blanche got into a coach and proceeded to the residence of the lawyer.

On the way there, Chubbet spoke of Allyne Strathroy, and told Blanche that he intended to insist upon his tendering an apology for his conduct.

"No, no," Blanche said, hastily; "do not speak of the matter at all. I forgive him, freely. I have caused him pain enough now, though, heaven knows, it is not my fault. Let it all be forgotten."

"Just as you please, my dear," answered Chubbet.

After leaving Blanche at his own house, in Madison avenue, the lawyer went at once to Allyne's abode.

"Allyne!" he cried, in glee, as he entered the library, where Allyne sat, busy with gloomy thoughts. "I have secured the bird all right. She's at my house."

"I am glad of that," Allyne said, "but I am afraid that we will never be able to win her consent to marrying me."

"My dear boy," said the lawyer, "then we must do without it." Chubbet's face had a look full of meaning.

"I do not exactly understand you," said Allyne; but he had a pretty clear idea, though, of what the old lawyer meant.

"My dear Mr. Allyne, you want the girl; I want a certain sum of money—as per contract between us—when you marry Miss Blanche. Now, I do not think that we should allow ourselves to be defeated in our wishes, simply because a foolish child chooses to say no, when she ought to say yes."

"My own idea," said Allyne.

"Exactly. Now Miss Blanche is in my house. I would have preferred that this should have taken place elsewhere, this affair that I'm about to speak of; but, since it can't be helped, why I'll allow my house to be used. I know a certain minister—he is without a pulpit just now on account of certain little irregularities—who, for a handsome fee, will marry you to Miss Blanche, even if the lady does not say yes."

"But, suppose she says no?"

"I intend to arrange it so that she won't say anything," said Chubbet, quietly.

"There are certain drugs known to science that come under the head of soporifics. I will see that Miss Blanche partakes of one of these potent drugs in her food or wine. When she is drugged, the minister being ready, the marriage takes place, and once it is consummated, I should like to know how on earth she is going to help herself!"

"She will hate me when she awakes to the knowledge of the truth," said Allyne, thoughtfully.

"That's nothing unusual in a wife," replied Chubbet. "They generally hate their husbands. But, you'll have the proud consciousness of knowing that you've done something to deserve it."

"I'll do it!" cried Allyne. "I have determined that the girl shall be mine, and she shall be, though I sink my soul to the depths of the uttermost perdition to obtain her."

The lawyer, despite himself, shivered at the fierce tone of the young man.

"The affair had better take place to-morrow evening," said Chubbet.

"Very well."

"I will make all the arrangements."

And the interview ended.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## A CROSS-EXAMINATION.

About eight in the evening, the servant brought Allyne word that two persons, who said they came by appointment, were at the door.

"Show them into the parlor," said Strathroy.

So the two, who were Lawyer Weisel and Irish Molly, were shown into the parlor.

"Now comes the trial," said Weisel, to himself, as they entered the parlor. "If she will only stick to her story, he'll knuckle, sure, and I'll be able to make my little stake."

"Ain't this high?" said Molly, surveying her figure in the full-length mirror.

"Now, you know what you've got to say?" whispered the lawyer to her.

"I kin swear to it, but the b'illin' water troubles me; but I kin remember that, too," answered Molly, with a grin.

"Don't forget that," whispered Weisel; "that's the main point."

Then Allyne's entrance cut short the lawyer's warning.

"Mr. Strathroy, I presume," said the lawyer, with a bow.

"Yes, sir."

"Allow me to introduce myself. J. Weisel, sir, an humble member of the legal fraternity. I received a note from brother Chubbet this afternoon, stating that you would like to examine the witness by whose evidence we expect to prove the identity of Allyne Strathroy, son of Clinton Strathroy, and Lizzie, his wife."

"Such is my wish, sir."

"This is the witness. We, on the other side, are willing to give you every chance to investigate the justice of our claims," said Weisel.

"Yes, I'm the witness wot had care on the baby," said Molly.

A puzzled look appeared upon Allyne's face when he heard the woman's voice.

"What is the name of the witness?" he asked.

"Mary Kand," answered the lawyer.

"Ah!" The single exclamation alone came from Allyne's lips.

"You can have an interview with her alone, sir," said Weisel. "We desire that you shall be fully satisfied."

"Thank you. I should like to ask her a few questions, if you have no objections," Allyne said.

"None in the world," Weisel answered. Allyne touched the bell upon the table. The servant answered it.

"Show this gentleman into the library. You will wait there, please."

"Yes, sir. Don't hurry yourself. Subject her to a rigid cross-examination; our case will stand it." Then Weisel followed the servant out of the room.

Allyne closed the door.

"Now sit down, please," he said, gently, "and tell me all you know about this affair."

Molly sat down.

"Ain't you a-goin' to ax me questions, like the lawyers do?" she asked.

"Not yet," Allyne replied. "Tell your story—tell all you know. After you get through I may ask you some questions."

"All right," and then the woman began. "In the year 1848 I was a-livin' in Sing Sing; my name is Mary Kand, and my husband was named Jimmy Kand, alias Jimmy the Tiger."

A strange expression came over Allyne's face as he heard the name.

"He was in prison then. A feller who was in prison, too, sends me a baby to take care on." "Bout eight months after that, a gent comes as says his name is Brown, an' that he's the kid's father. He offered to pay me well if I'd take the baby an' go out West with him; so I goes. We goes to Cincinnati an' lives on Plum, between Fifth and Sixth streets. Then my husband comes out of prison an' comes on to Cincinnati. I finds out that this Mr. Brown has a lot of money. So my husband an' I steals his money an' papers an' comes to New York, bringin' the baby with us. From the papers we finds out that the gent's name is Clinton Strathroy, an' the baby is his son, Allyne, the child of his first wife, Lizzie. I staid in New York till the kid was 'bout six years old; then my husband went after another woman, an' I cut her with a carving-knife one night an' run away to Boston for fear of the police. I staid in Boston some time, then come back to New York an' took another name."

"You left the child, when you went to Boston?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen it since?"

"Yes; 'other day."

A puzzled expression appeared upon Allyne's face at the woman's words.

"Where did you see him?"

"In the lawyer's office."

"The child is a man, now?"

"Yes."

"How, then, did you recognize him?"

"By a mark on the right arm, here," said the woman, indicating the spot.

"Ah! and that was what?" It was plainly evident that Allyne's interest was intense. Big drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead and the veins were swollen out like whipcords.

"The baby had on its arm three moles, forming a triangle—an' one day it pulled a pan of boiling water over on it and scalded the moles off, an' I know the man to be the baby that I took care on by the scar on the arm where the three moles were." Molly drew a long breath, evidently of relief, when she had finished.

"Woman, you are lying!" cried Allyne, in strong agitation.

"I kin swear to it!" exclaimed Molly, defiantly.

"Swear to what? Swear to all of it?"

"Yes," answered Molly, stubbornly.

"Then you will swear to a lie!" Allyne exclaimed.

"True as gospel!" cried Molly. "I wish I may die if it isn't."

"Yes, all truth except one thing, and that thing is a lie!"

"Which one?" asked Molly, astounded.

"To the scar on the arm of the man. The child that you left when you went to Boston had three moles forming a triangle on its arm, but no scar."

"Well, I'm blest!" growled Molly, in an undertone.

"The child never pulled a pan of boiling water over on its arm. If that child is alive to-day—a man—he has the three moles on his arm."

Molly looked thunderstruck but said not a word.

"I guess this scheme, now," said Allyne, "a touch of triumph in his voice."

"This lawyer, by some strange combination of circumstances, became possessed of the history of this child. He saw that he could seize upon the estate to which this child is heir, if he could find the child, now a man. He could not find the child, but he found some obscure fellow with the scar of a scald on his arm in the same spot that the three moles were on the arm of the heir. Then he found you and persuaded you to swear to this story of the scalding in addition to what you really did know about the child, so that he could bring forward the fellow with the scarred arm and prove him, by your evidence, to be the child that you had once nursed. Is it not so? Deception is useless. You see I know the truth."

"Right you are, governor, an' no lie in it," said Molly, impulsively. "Bless yer, this lawyer never thought as how I was Mary Kand, when he come for me to swear to the story of my own life. And he got it wrong twice; 'cos he said Smith instead of Brown, an' Plum, between Fifth and Sixth, when it was between Seventh and Eighth. I know'd, too, that the b'illin' water part would upset the whole thing."

"You confess, then, the truth?"

"I might's well; you knows all about it. There never was no scar on the baby's arm, an' he never got scalded by no b'illin' water; an' if that baby's a man to-day, he's got three moles on his arm an' they make a triangle. An' if I could see his arm an' see the three moles, I'd swear he was the baby that I took care of, till I was black in the face."

"But the rest is all true, though?"

"Every word."

"So, then," muttered Allyne, to himself, "the estates belong to the first Allyne after all!"

"But I say, governor!" said Molly, suddenly, "how did you know that the b'illin' water an' the scar on the baby's arm was a lie, when all the rest was gospel truth?"

"Guessed it," said Allyne, with a strange expression upon his face—the same expression that had been called there when the name of the burglar, Jimmy the Tiger, fell upon his ears.

"I know'd I couldn't tell that b'illin' part straight, an' he wanted to make me say Smith, too," muttered Molly.

"Did this man with the scar on his arm look any thing like the child that you took care of?" Allyne asked.

"Not a bit!" replied Molly, contemptuously; "he was an ugly ragamuffin, wall my little kid was as sharp an' as handsome as a needle."

"Yet you would have sworn that he was the same?"

"Well, governor, you must live, you know," replied Molly, with a grin.

"Here's twenty dollars for you," said Allyne, and he took four five-dollar bills from his wallet and gave them to the woman. When these are gone, come to me and you shall have more."

Molly took the money in astonishment.

"Say nothing to the lawyer. If he asks you any questions, tell him that I was satisfied." Then Allyne rung for Williams to bring the lawyer down.

To the lawyer he said but a few words.

"I am quite satisfied. Mr. Chubbet will see you in a few days and arrange matters."

Molly and Weisel departed, the former in astonishment, the latter in joy.

"If the blows come too thick, I have one refuge left," Allyne muttered. "I have played the lion; the skin of the fox may serve my turn next."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 20.)

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D. L. T. asks to be informed regarding the different processes of shampooing. Soap and water. The poems by our correspondent we can not use. No stamps.

"SWEETLAND,"—Mr. Aiken's "Witches of New York" is an acting drama, not a story. Dr. Turner's "Silver Heels," we believe, is not in print.

"LILLIAN,"—Your poem is well enough for a first attempt, but not good enough for publication. It does not show any particular power of poetic expression, but, that which would not discourage, for some of our best writers gave as little promise at the start. Your better way is to write for home and local papers, for a few years. This will test your strength and offer you as much encouragement as any mode you can adopt.

"RECAPTURING THE INDIANS," is told well enough, but is too incidental in its incident to be worthy of use by us. No stamps.

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J. DENNIS, JR.—We do not care to publish books of the nature of those suggested by you. As for lives of Ex-nuns being put in Sabbath-school libraries, we should say *say!* as it is said.

"MISS PARISIANA G." don't like her boarding-school. She has to stay one year more before "graduating," and says she hears and sees so many bad things that she thinks she ought to refuse absolutely to stay. She asks for advice. We have not a shadow of doubt—indeed we know—that many of our fashionable boarding-schools are hot-beds of vice. Not the gross, coarse vice of absolute dissoluteness, but something so nearly analogous to it, that girls are graduated as adepts in coquetry and as "mistresses of arts" which stamp the entire after-life with stains and shortcomings. If our young friends in an institution where the girls talk and think of the mean and where dresses and money are indicators of social standing, we can only say—escape as soon as you can to life.

## Foolscap Papers.

### My Story.

The last little domestic story I wrote had no success. The editor of *Putnam* wrote, when he returned it: "Its tone is faultless; its handling skillful, its plot perfect. If it had a little more imagination it would pass. The fact is it sticks too entirely tight to facts, and is too true to life."

It is worth money to us to refuse such a story." It is entitled:

### THE LAST FIRST.

THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST.

CHAP. I.

The emperor Napoleon had just finished his second plate of frog legs, in his breakfast-room in Paris, and was reaching for a dish of onions, scented with garlic and ethered Limberger cheese, when a fine-looking, but sorrowful man might have been seen in the wood-shed of a Fifth Avenue house in New York, bowing dejectedly over a coarse pair of brogans, which he was trying to polish with an occasional sigh. If your ears had been long enough to reach there you would have heard him ejaculate, as he expostulated into the sedate box of "blacking": "Alas, that ever I should thus come to this!"

CHAP. II.

The emperor of the Feejee Isles was just smacking his lips over the last religious breakfast of really prime-minister, and waiting for two boys to get through chewing and brewing his favorite beer, when a respectable, but woe-gone lady, who was washing the dishes in the kitchen of the aforesaid mansion in New York, said to her pretty daughter, who was scrubbing the floor, "Lenore, my heart is weighed down with our degradation. Go out and tell your poor papa that Patrick Murphy for his shoes, and that he had better hurry or there might be some words, and we might lose our situations."

"I will tell him," said Lenore, "but there is Bridget calling down-stairs for you to come up and do up her hair. You had better go, and have no difficulty."

CHAP. III.

The people above spoken of were Mr. Jonsmith and family. They were very wealthy in their own right, if they had been allowed their right at all, which they wasn't; but, having hired a new set of high-strung and landed servants—that is, they were landed in New York—they had incautiously asked them to do a little work about the house by way of recreation, which was about the worst thing that could be done, when the servants revolted at such a revolting request, and took possession of the parlors, but generously allowed the family the freedom of the basement in their abasement.

CHAP. IV.

On the carved parlor-table rested the shoes of Patrick Murphy, which embellished our opening chapter in the wood-shed. The feet of Mr. Murphy occupied the cavity on the inside of the shoes. As ornaments to the table those shoes failed to be entirely classical, but they fell perfectly at home. Mr. Murphy's breastpin consisted of but a single gem which was a dried drop of molasses. His cravat had such long ends that if he had stood in the middle of the week each end would have touched Sunday. His face was the embodiment of peace, and the smoke from his pipe was plenty and affecting, while around him rose the perfume of all the toilet-bottles—and the bottle of brandy.

Bridget was at the piano playing a new tune which had no notes in it, and looking altogether like a dutiful house-keeper who didn't care at all how things went so they went. Finally, when she got up to the highest key and stopped, she turned, and said: "Patrick, sposin' we have a little party of our own here to-night, and invite all our friends what used for to go wid us when we was servants the same as them, bad luck to it, wid special invites to John Morrissey and Jim Fisk." "All right, begorra," said Pat, jumping up, and reeling off four yards of a jig; "but, aisy, Biddy! Who'll write the invites?" "Gi! Mr. Jonsmith, to be sure!" said Biddy.

Mr. Jonsmith wrote them, and the writing was inexpressibly sad, but he felt a little touch of delight mingled with a much fear when he saw himself writing just the reverse from what was wanted, for all the cards invited them to stay away; however, he was growing desperate. Eternal independence lingered subdued in his breast. He didn't know how the ruse would come out in the end.

The cards were sent; the shoes got up on the table; the mistress's best dresses were taken down from their wardrobes preparatory, and the day promised to be very long; but, the terrible culmination of vengeance is at hand; it is now—no—signify a bit!

(The next fifteen chapters, which have little or no bearing upon the subject, are left out by particular permission of the editor.)

CHAP. XX.

[This chapter was cut in two in the middle—it was so long—and both ends inserted in the stove. Ed.]

CHAP. XXI.

[This chapter would have been the funniest piece of humorous writing extant, but something unfortunately turned up, and the author never wrote it. It was a terrible loss, and no insurance. Ed.]

CHAP. XXII.

The watchman walked leisurely over Westminster Bridge, and repeated the performance. The queen of England gave orders to have the straw in her bed turned,

as she had not slept well on account of it, last night, after which she retired, little thinking of the terrible scenes about to be enacted in the Fifth Avenue mansion, in New York. But, here the author asks the indulgence of a generous public, and begs to say that, contrary to all expectations, nothing at all happened in the above-said house, every thing having gone on as usual. He had thought that things would have gone on differently, and somewhat tragically, but, unfortunately, they went on as usual, and the last time the author went there to get some washing done, Mrs. Jonsmith "stood by the burning tub, whence all but her head fled; the steam that lit the battle rub, curled round her arms so red." The servants still occupy the parlor and the mistress's dresses, and the author, after vainly waiting for things to take the usual romantic turn for the better, gives it up, and the tail is left without a conclusion in the dire extremity.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## CONSCIENCE.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."—Old Proverb.

LET us go back to our childhood days and wander into the time when we wore pantalettes, and loved to skip-rope, and run up and down the roads having no objection to the boys chasing us. Oh! what happy days those were when mother put our dinners into the tin pail, and, after kissing us, bade us be good children and go straight to school! When we got there, and our lessons were imperfect, did we hesitate to accept the promptings of our school-mates and answer the question as if we knew it ourselves? It was a deception, and we knew it was so. Somehow, we didn't feel so comfortable when mother asked us if we had perfect lessons. We were mopeish the whole evening and longed for bed-time to come around. We didn't seem to feel as if God heard us in our evening prayer, and that our conscience never felt so guilty. Mother's good-night kiss was on our brow, and, oh! how we did wish we could confess all to mother, to throw our arms around her neck and tell her of our wrong!

As we become young girls perhaps we think more of a handsome face, a black mustache and dashing clothes than we do of true nobility of character, and we often form acquaintances that we shouldn't care to let our parents know of, and we know it to be wrong and our consciences accuse us of it; but we have written letters, and we fear that, should we break up our intimacy, these epistles will be brought against us; so we drift along and what would be the end?

In passing down the street, the other day, with Charlie, we met one of our young lady acquaintances in conversation with a showily-dressed individual, and whom my escort told me was a notorious gambler. Bessie called on me, and with tears in her eyes, exclaimed: "Don't tell mother, Eve."

There, those words are what make the misery of this world. What we are ashamed to have mother know can be nothing else than evil.

Haven't you seen people start as if they were shocked, by an electric-battery and shiver and turn pale? What caused it? Conscience! Wasn't Shakespeare right when he wrote that "Conscience makes cowards of us all"? I don't want to be too morose, or tinge you with too much melancholy, but there have been many followers in a funeral procession who have stood over the coffin and whose conscience would upbraid them for some ill done toward that clay-cold form lying so still in its narrow bed—some ill thought spoken against the form that lies like a statue before them. It's too late then, but when death casts his shadow over our threshold don't we have our conscience upbraid us, and don't we think we could be happier if the dead would only say that they forgive us? Yes, and we turn from the coffin and set in the same manner toward the living ones!

I had an upbraiding of conscience once. I had subscribed for a paper, and it was optional with the subscribers whether they should pay in advance or at the end of the year. I let the year slip half-way through, and I had just the amount about me to pay my indebtedness, and was almost up to the office door when I saw some trifle, and next to wishing for it I bought it, and poor Mr. Publisher went without. Imagine my consternation, the next morning, upon learning that the paper had suspended publication!—cause, non-payment of subscriptions! My conscience troubled me, and I thought that, were I to hear of the publisher's suicide, I should say to myself: "Just look at money together, Miss Eve! I scraped enough money work, and sent it to Mr. P. What if he had failed, I owed him the money just the same, didn't I?"

I often think what a burden life must be to a criminal, roaming at large with some fearful crime unknown to the world, and how, whenever he meets a person, it must seem as if his guilt were known to them, and that conviction and death were far preferable to an existence whose conscience was making life almost unendurable. Men have been known to have such accusing consciences that they willingly gave themselves up to the authorities and suffered for their crimes.

I was about making a visit to a village where I had never been. It being some

miles from the depot I requested that a team should be sent for me. Some busy lady getting hold of this, circulated a report that Miss Eve was a cripple and couldn't walk. I wonder if Miss Busy Body's conscience didn't accuse her when she saw me face to face, minus crutches, and with a strong pair of le—limbs to my body?

There's my washerwoman just been in and wanted "a little change." I was on the point of telling her to come again when I was not so much engaged, but, my conscience came to my aid, and I let her have the change. Had I not paid her I should have felt so guilty that I couldn't have finished this article. It seems to me I hear Mr. Editor say: "I wish you hadn't paid her," but I can't think what he means, unless it is that he is tired of the signature of

EVE LAWLESS.

## FLIRTATIONS.

In every clime under the sun flirtations have been indulged in from time immemorial, but perhaps in no age more extensively than our own. Can any one recall a seaside recollection, a ball or party reminiscence, the memory of a day's blithe and careless excursion, or, indeed, any pleasure of a like character, in which those of opposite sexes participated, unmarked by one or more flirtations? It is somewhat remarkable that even the most desperate flirts will rarely acknowledge themselves guilty of flirting. They denominate this species of amusement under various names, as though the name, and not the thing itself, oppressed the conscience. The only two classes, however, into which "flirtations" can be divided are innocent and wicked. What an innocent flirtation may be, we leave for those who understand it to define. A wicked flirtation is the exercise of our powers of fascination and of pleasing with the express purpose of conveying to the mind of a person of the opposite sex the assurance that his or her society is particularly agreeable to us. There are a thousand ways of doing this, and every way is wrong. A word, a squeeze of the hand, a gesture of admiration, or, at times, one of impatience, will equally serve, and will send back the blood to the heart of a silly girl with a flutter of impatient and tumultuous joy. Both sexes are equally to blame for this kind of flirtation is a species of lying, and one can lie with the eye or hand as well as with the tongue. I think it was Bulwer who said, in one of his early novels, that "Conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you can not stretch it over a mole-hill; to-morrow it hides a mountain." The first trifling with a human heart occasions remorse; but when what was the passion of an hour becomes the pastime of a life, the conscience is cheated into the belief that flirtations are harmless, and unworthy of the denunciations of even those who suffer.

Many a maiden, laughing away regret, leads her adorer further and further into the domain of Love's rapturous kingdom, weaving around him the soft network of her enchantment, until, poor fool, he breathes a lotus-laden atmosphere; is deaf to all sounds save the low, sweet song of the siren, and his very soul drunk with the intoxication of the melody. He dreams the ecstatic dream of reciprocated affection, and wakes to find himself excluded from the kingdom, deserted for a new admirer, the song which so enraptured him sung to another listener, and something gone from his life that, were he to live a thousand years, will never come back to it. Shut out from his earthly paradise, perchance he seeks to drown his bitter disappointment in the excitement of perilous adventure; finally, it may be, having lost faith in woman's truth, changing into that thing, a male flirt; whose business in life it is, perhaps without a single written or spoken vow of love, simply by those delicate attentions that cost so little but mean so much, to win the fresh, pure, trusting heart of a girl—to toy with it as with a token—and finally to throw it back upon itself as something too poor to keep; teaching her, as he has been taught, that there are other songs without words besides those of Mendelssohn's; and when her every sense is wrapt in the soft music

"That gentler on the spirit lies," than tired eyelids upon tired eyes," suddenly stopping the soul-satisfying strains, and leaving her to carry about with her a heart that will feel an aching void until the airs of heaven sweep over her weary spirit, and, awakening answering chords, make of her everlasting existence a harmony.

Willis sung as follows:

"Give me a 'sly flirtation,' of just such kind  
"Neath the light of a chandelier, and  
"With music to fill up the pauses, and  
"And nobody very near."

And well known is it that the atmosphere of parties, aided by the seductive accompaniments of music, the feverish dance, the brilliant toilette, the generous wines, the sparkle and mingled wit, wisdom and folly of conversation, and above all, the conspicuous display of beauty in woman, and grace in man, quickens into active life this fascinating source of pleasure. Nightly, words which, if honestly spoken to hearts that listen because they love to hear, would make life sweeter to two souls; words and vows of love emptier than air, are listened to with kindling eye and warm blushes; and low-voiced protestations, that seem to bear the very soul of truth, but "false as Crescids," thrill many a manly heart whose awakened love is worse than useless.

C. C. J.

## LITTLE WINNIE'S GRAVE.

BY J. L. HERBERT.

Pause gently here. This flowery mound  
Contains within a sacred trust;  
Tread lightly, for 'tis hallowed ground,  
Where love hath given its dust to dust.

For every flower that blossoms here, so modify  
And every wild shrub waving by,  
Hath oft been wet with many a tear,  
And oft embalmed with many a sigh.

For here, upon its silken hair,  
From a young mother's fostering breast,  
With soft, sweet eyes, and features fair,  
Winnie was laid to rest.

The silver cheek and fragrant lips,  
Where love's love's downy kisses pressed,  
All hail beneath death's chill eclipse,  
Are gathered here in dreamless rest.

And fond affection lingering near,  
Hath strewn the sweetest flow'rets round,  
Breathe softly! the dear dead is here!  
Tread lightly, for 'tis hallowed ground!

ANNE FANSHAW.

BY SARAH E. LEAVITT.

## City Life Sketches.

THE BLONDE BEAUTY.

BY SARAH E. LEAVITT.

I HAD just crossed the ferry and jumped into a car of the cross-town line on my way to my distant lodgings in East Brooklyn. I noticed that there was a very pretty young lady sitting in the corner near the lamp when I got in. I was very glad of it, for I always like to be sure of a pleasant neighbor when I have a long ride to take in the street-cars. It was about nine o'clock when we started from the ferry, and as it was a private family with whom I lodged, who were in the habit of retiring very early, and as I had lost my latch-key, I sat calculating the probabilities of having to ring them out of their comfortable beds at about ten o'clock, when my ears were suddenly greeted with a shrill scream from the direction of my fair neighbor, and a frightened oath from that of the conductor.

The car lamp had burst, and was blazing furiously, much to the real peril of the frightened girl.

Of course my first and only thought was to snatch her away from her dangerous seat, for she seemed herself to be completely panic-stricken.

A moment more and I found myself in the interesting position of her supporter, for she had fainted quite away. I had accidentally become responsible for the welfare of one of the prettiest women I had ever seen.

Owing to the fright of the conductor and driver, there was considerable "pother" about stopping the car; it was achieved, at last, however, and I carried my charming burden out into the moonlight and bracing, salt-laden air. This soon revived her; but her confusion was excessive at finding herself in the arms of a stranger.

"I beg your pardon, miss," was the best thing I could think of to say. "You fainted, you see, and I was obliged to carry you out."

"Dear me, I am a fool, I do believe!" she exclaimed, with a blush and a little hysterical laugh, "to faint so easily." "Thank you, sir; you are very kind—but—" and my arms that had been so kindly enjoyed her delicate burden, relaxed themselves respectfully, as I perceived her evident desire to free herself from them.

She was beautiful! Her eyes blazing with excitement, half from fear and half from coquettish shame; her delicate cheeks red in their centers as the heart of a rose; her fair hair, glossy and golden, streaming over her shoulders "in such a condition," she said, as she tried tremblingly to arrange the ribbon that held it; her ridiculously small hands that should have belonged to a child rather than a woman, all conspired to dazzle and bewitch me; to play the mischief, in fact, with a heart that I felt always poised of being "very hard, sir."

As we had to stand on the sidewalk waiting till the conductor had put out the blazing lamp and procured another, we had a good deal of conversation together. In fact we grew quite chatty and lively as her confidence in me increased, and the upshot of the matter was a decided flirtation before she reached her stopping-place, which was a handsome house on one of the avenues about half-way to the end of my journey.

It might as well tell the truth—I was desperately in love with this charming creature—and for several days afterward puzzled my brain with expedients for seeing her again. I watched the house hoping that she might come out; but she never came nor showed herself at any of the windows, and I at last succeeded in obtaining the very satisfactory information that the residents of the mansion were only friends of hers whom she had been visiting—that she was a stranger in the city, and that her name was Annie Fanshaw.

About a year after this event, I was willing away a few days in company with Bob Becks, at the Congress Hotel, in Saratoga. Standing in the heated ball-room in the midst of a crowd of New York fashionables, who all looked as heated and jaded as I myself felt, and bawling the disgusting fact that perspiration would turn white kids yellow, I was about to evoke "my curse, and the virgin's curse, and the curse of Peter and Paul on Saratoga, and all her belongings," when I on hailed, as a Godsend, the cheerful face of Bob approaching me, as if with some news.

"Jack," said he, as he came up, "I've something to tell you that might reduce the elongation of your melancholy phiz. You remember Phil Staples?"

"Our old classmate of the university? Well, yes, I rather think I do. What of him?"

"He has returned from Europe; is here, and moreover, has married a wife."

"Has he? Well, Phil always had all the luck there was going when at college. Who is the lady?"

"The prettiest little blonde imaginable, with not only plenty of gold and jewels on her person, but plenty of 'tin' in her pocket."

"Miss Fanshaw! A beautiful blonde! Could it be possible that I was at last to see again my *inamorata*, only to find that Phil Staples' irresistible 'luck' had consigned her to him, and that all my sighs for her had been wasted on the unsympathetic air?"

Having emptied his budget of news, Bob who was exceedingly popular among the ladies, was off, having spied a bevy of them



who were sure to welcome him with acclamation.

As I stood brooding over this new stroke of fate, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a remembered voice said: "Well, Jack Marvin, old boy, at your old tricks again, eh? You always used to be famous for brown study. I should have thought you might have mastered the science by this time."

There stood Phil, sure enough, with my Annie on his arm. So I resolved to make the best of things, and put out both my hands.

"Phil, I am glad to see you, and happy to congratulate you, for this is, doubtless, Mrs. Staples."

Phil is the sharpest fellow I ever knew. I read in his eyes that he saw both recognition and disappointment in mine when I looked at Annie. He looked at her, and there was an answering twinkle in her own saucy orbs as he answered: "Ah, yes! you have met her before, as Miss Fanshew, I think?"

She remembered me, then, and had talked me over to Phil—perhaps ridiculed me. I hoped she didn't suppose I was going to care.

So I made myself very sociable and merry with both, until by-and-by Phil said, turning to Annie:

"I believe I must leave you with Jack for a while—you seem to get on so well together. I see Julia beckoning to me from the other side of the room. Au revoir! and kissing his hand gayly, he left us alone together. By-and-by we saw him at the extreme end of the room talking earnestly to a lady who very much resembled Mrs. Staples. She caught his eye and nodded to him, remarking: 'That is Julia—my twin sister. Don't you think we are very much alike? I shall introduce you to her as soon as I have an opportunity.' I think you will like her."

Why couldn't Phil have married Julia? I asked myself, discontentedly. He appears to like her very much. I believe he has a natural love of thwarting other people.

This was not eminently reasonable, of course, but my wound had not healed yet and was sensitive. It was very tantalizing, too, in Staples to leave his wife so much to my society. I wondered if she had ever confessed to him how desperately we had flirted together that night in the moonlight, a year ago. And why was he so attentive to his sister-in-law? Some European notion he had got into his head, no doubt. And why wasn't I after three days' attendance on Mrs. Staples, introduced to Julia?

There was a queer little expression, I thought, on her face, as I suggested the promise she had made.

"It's an odd accident," she said, "but I am sure you would like Julia very much."

A strange suspicion had taken possession of my brain. "I hope you are not afraid of my liking her too much," I said, showing some sensitiveness in my tone. "She is engaged, perhaps, and kept out of my dangerous company on that account! It is very flattering, but it is entirely unnecessary."

Mrs. Staples might understand by this, if she chose, that the memory of my love for her would be a perpetual shield against any other affection. But she only laughed at a provoking little laugh.

"Oh, no, indeed, she is not engaged; but she is worse—she is married."

"Married!" I could not help exclaiming, at the risk of being rude. "And her husband?"

"Her husband," said Annie, turning her mischievous blue eyes full upon my face, "is no less a personage than Mr. Philip Staples."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, letting go her arm; "is Mr. Philip Staples a Mormon?"

I wish you could have heard the laugh that followed that question. "Oh, no, indeed!" said she, when she at last found breath; "he has been hoaxing you, but I can not keep it up any longer. You took it for granted, at first, that I was Mrs. Staples, and he humored the whim, that's all!"

If you can not foresee the denouement, reader, you must have had little experience in Cupid's tactics. Suffice it to say, that my luck took a turn that very evening, and has been uniformly good ever since.

## The Brother's Sacrifice.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"AND so you are taken in and done for, at last, poor moth? How I pity you; and Nettie—what will she say?"

"As if I cared! What is she to me? But, Tom, I wish you would be serious for once and quit your confounded teasing. I tell you I am in dead, sober earnest, and want you to be on your best behavior this evening, or I shall get into disgrace. You see, I have told Manuelita so much stuff about my adopted brother, his nobleness of heart, learning, eloquence and all the rest, that unless you do your best, she'll accuse me of stretching the truth, and that, you know, to one of my meek and modest disposition, would be awful!"

The adopted brothers, Fred Hill and Tom Clifton, were riding slowly along together on the outskirts of the city of Mexico, some time after its surrender to General Scott, leaving the place behind them. Their dress proclaimed them to be officers in the American army, and they exhibited a good deal of recklessness, if not bravery, in thus venturing, comparatively helpless, beyond the army lines, where one word would bring upon them a crowd of the treacherous, vindictive *luperos*, whose hatred of the "invaders" was only masked, not subdued.

More than one pair of glittering eyes flashed deadly glances after them from beneath the shelter of a slouched *sombrero*, or the folds of a *serape*, but, perhaps, the sight of the gleaming revolver-belts, whose reputation had spread far and wide, tended to restrain any overt attempt for they were allowed to proceed unmolested.

We have seen that one of the horsemen made use of the term "adopted brother," but it was only since the breaking out of the war that their friendship began. One came from the east, the other from the west, but they found themselves in the same company, as captain and lieutenant, when they struck the alliance as brothers. Fred Hill had been promoted to a captaincy, and removed to another regiment, and then the friends had lost sight of each other for some months, until a few days previous to that upon which we note them riding together.

"Very well, then," laughed Tom Clifton. "I will exert myself to the utmost, and remember, if I can 'cut you out,' I'm going to do it."

"If you can, all right," returned Fred. "Egotist! But, by the way, how did you form the acquaintance of this fair damsel of the musical name? They are generally so reserved and haughty—these Spanish dames—to us poor barbarians."

"You will see an exception to-day. But the way I made her acquaintance was this. It was when out on a little scout with my men, and getting wind of a gang of *guerrilleros* we made for them, intending to give the dogs a lesson. Well, so we did, and found among them, as prisoners, Manuelita and her father, who were being detained for ransom. Of course she was grateful for being relieved from such companionship, while he was grateful at not being relieved of his dollars, for between you and I, the old gentleman is, just the least taste in the world, a miser. The rest followed as a matter of course. I was invited to the house, went, made love to both senora and senorita, was accepted."

"What, by both?" quizzed Clifton. "Bah! but here we are now, and remember, do your best, Tom," continued Hill, as they drew rein before a substantial-looking hacienda.

They were politely and warmly welcomed, and in five minutes were as cosy and comfortable as though at home. Then, under cover of the greetings between Fred and his fiancée, Clifton took a good survey of the three persons with whom he found himself.

The senor he set down as a nonentity; senora as a veteran and somewhat *posse* coquette; but Manuelita—there his glances rested longer. Of a superbly-rounded and graceful form, rather above the medium height, she moved with the languid, queenly, yet passionate air peculiar to her race, that fascinated while yet it reminded of the serpent or jaguar. In complexion a brunette, with glorious hair large, lustrous, yet languid eyes, added to her proud style of dress, it is little wonder that Tom Clifton pronounced her a splendid, celestial creature.



THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

and caught himself envying the fortunes of his friend.

And then Fred engaged the senora in an animated conversation, thus leaving Tom to play his part as prescribed; and really he had no fault to find with him when they took their departure. But Tom was sober and unusually subdued, as though he had found new food for thought during the visit.

Thus matters went on. One was blind to the blow he was preparing for his own happiness; the other reposed too much confidence in his own resolution and command over his heart. Almost daily the two brothers rode along the solitary road leading to the Ibanez hacienda, and Fred had little need to urge his friend to pay Manuelita attention, nor to sound Tom's praises in her ear.

Then Fred's regiment received marching orders, and he was forced to bid his betrothed farewell, not knowing when, if ever, they would again meet. For a time she appeared sad and downhearted, but then her usual spirits returned, and as her lover's "brother" called, met him with a most cordial welcome; and thus the tide flowed on, growing more and more strong from day to day.

I do not think that either of them realized the real truth, although they could not entirely blind themselves to it. Clifton often thought how fortunate a man was Fred to have won the heart's love of this peerless creature, and what a blessing had been in command of the scouting party. And Manuelita more than once caught herself wishing that he had been the one to rescue her from the power of the guerrillas; and that with such an incentive she could have loved him deeply, fervently, in a far greater degree than Fred had inspired within her breast. Had she met him first—and there she paused.

Thus for weeks they met and interchanged thoughts, rambled and rode; and every word they spoke Fred might have heard, without being caused one pang—had he not

intercepted their glances. Through, their eyes their hearts spoke, and each felt that they were beloved by the one most dear upon earth to them, and yet they dared not give it utterance in words.

The thought of his confiding brother silenced Clifton; when ever the longed-for avowal pressed to his lips, the face of Fred would appear, and he would resolutely choke down his feelings, and they would go on as before, outwardly calm or joyful, but inwardly loathing the flimsy mask they forced themselves to wear. But this could not last always.

One calm, pleasant evening, Clifton announced to the Ibanez family that on the morrow his regiment was to march from the city, and that in all probability this would be his last visit, for some time, if not forever. The Don deeply regretted it, but looked the contrary; the Dona was in despair, but looked supremely indifferent. Tom was no company for her, preferring to flirt with Manuelita, and such a crime as that was enough to ruin anybody in the fair lady's estimation.

But Tom did not care for them; he only looked at the senorita. She flashed one quick glance toward him, and then her eyes drooped, while the crimson flush died out, leaving her pale and trembling. Clifton calmed his face and engaged the others in a lively conversation, to cover Manuelita's agitation, and thus afford her time to compose her feelings.

Er long she joined in the conversation, and when he rose to take his leave, after bidding the others a polite adieu, she accompanied him to the threshold. He took her hand and then pleaded:

"Will you not walk down the avenue with me? Remember, 'tis the last time."

She did not answer, but took his arm, and then, beneath the calm rays of the moon, they walked on, longing yet dreading to break the silence. At length Clifton spoke, in an assumed tone of gaiety:

"Well, Manuelita—I may call you so

sob, "I must speak, and you must listen. You know that he—Mr. Hill—did me a great service, and I was grateful for it. He was very pleasant and agreeable; I had never met one more so; and I—asked me to be his wife. I thought I loved him, and I said yes. But then you came, and I—Must I say more?" she faltered, and covered her face with her hands, while her form shook with the force of her emotions.

Clifton partially extended his arms, but then turned his head aside with a bitter groan. Then he uttered, in a husky tone:

"We must think of him. Manuelita, I must say farewell now, before I—"

"No, Thomas, no! I can not let you go. I do not love him—my heart's love is all yours!" and she bowed forward as if she would have fallen to the ground, had not he clasped her in his arms.

For a moment he forgot himself, his friend, all save that he held the maiden whom he loved better than life in his arms, and rained passionate kisses upon her brow and lips. But then he gave a cold shudder and turned pale.

"Manuelita, darling, this must not be; think of him. How could we ever have, think as we must? Poor Fred! he loved, honored, trusted me, and now—but, no, I will go away. You will soon learn to forget me, and think of this night, if at all, as a cruel, bitter dream; and he will never know. Look up, Manuelita; be strong, it is better so."

She looked up at him with a face so full of woe and wretchedness that his heart struggled fiercely to assert its claims, but he resolutely choked it down, and with one long, lingering kiss, wrung her hand, and then leaped upon his horse, plunging the spurs deep into its flanks and dashed madly along the grass-grown path.

Manuelita turned and walked slowly back to the house, her heart crushed and bleeding. It was some weeks ere the two brothers met, upon the eve of battle, and Clifton was surprised at the change wrought in the features of the gay and careless Hill, whose laugh was usually the clearest and most joyous, whose spirit was the life of his men. And there was a change, too, in the man's whole person, as if one just recovering from some severe illness.

He returned his brother's hand-pressure as warmly as ever, and listened to his regrets with a smile; but it, also, was changed. Then he handed Clifton a small, neatly sealed packet, bidding him send or hand it to his promised bride should aught happen to him in the coming conflict.

"But, Fred, man, this is nonsense! Surely you, who have thus far escaped without a scratch, will not be foolish enough to get hurt now?"

"It would be a happy world, Tom, if we could have all we wished here below. And now, old chum, let us part as friends should. Let us forgive all there may be to forgive. If I have ever wronged you in thought or deed, pardon me; and I promise the same," added Fred, in a solemn tone of affection.

"Fred," said Clifton, brokenly, "I have wronged you, though God knows how hard I struggled against the temptation. Sit down and let me tell you of it."

"No, Tom, not now; if we both live through to-morrow, then I will come. But now—I could not bear it!" and with one warm hand-clasp, the two brothers parted.

For hours the conflict had raged stubbornly. Although foremost in the strife, the two brothers were still unharmed. But this was not always to be. With his company, Clifton headed one of those grand, terrific charges for which the cavalry were so famous in that war, dashing up direct into the jaws of death.

A blinding, withering flash of flame-tipped smoke, and they were hurled back! Back, all save the dead and one, their gallant leader, whose horse had become ungovernable. With a wild yell, his men rally to save their beloved commander, but alone they would have been too late. A musket-ball strikes the horse and he falls, pinning his rider to the ground. Two Mexicans spring forward to make sure work of one whom they recognize as a terrible foe. But a horseman, bareheaded and blood-stained, waving his heavy saber, dashes up before them, dismounts, and strives to raise the fallen man, while with one hand he parries the strokes aimed by the foe.

He is struck to his knees, but still shields his brother. Then the soldiers come up and the two are conveyed to the rear. Clifton strives to rise, but his leg is injured, and he falls back, helpless. Then Fred Hill mutters, in a faint, dying voice:

"Remember—tell—Manuelita!" and died with the loved name still warm upon his lips.

It was long ere Clifton could rise from his cot, and then, upon sick leave, proceeded to deliver his brother's message to Manuelita. Their meeting was cold and commonplace, and a stranger would have dreamed with what feelings they had parted from each other, but a few short weeks before, or the raging storm that each concealed beneath those cold masks.

Without another word Manuelita passed the closely-written pages to Clifton, and then he learned the secret of the deep change in poor Fred. Obtaining a short leave of absence, Fred had hastened to visit Manuelita, but hearing her voice as they came down the avenue, upon that memorable night, he had hidden in the copse to give them a surprise. What must have been his feelings when he heard their conversation?

He crept by praying that they would no longer strive against nature, but if they loved each other truly, to let no thought of him stand between them. In closing he expressed a wish that, if possible, he might be interred at the spot where he had heard his death-doom.

Manuelita and Tom parted without a word. He could not speak, nor she listen, to words of love, so soon after perusing the message from the dead. But the time came soon, and although they dropped a tear over the long, narrow mound marked by an humble cross, where rested the noble, true-hearted brother, they were supremely happy.

When the cruel war was over, Tom took Manuelita back to his home on a bridal visit, but they soon returned, and at last accounts were still living in the grand old place where they first met.

UNJUST ACQUISITION.—What do you mean by unjust acquisition? It is not to be measured by its extent, but by its principle. Unjust acquisition is to take what is not your own; and who does that more than one of those poor whisky drinkers, who has sold his morsel of bread to buy his own destruction, and then thinks another ought to be forced to replace it?

## STRUGGLE ON.

BY PHILIP STOKER. Don't give up. When fickle fortune does not fawn; The darkest night will have an end, And day will surely follow dawn. The blackest cloud that ever rose Will pass away, its fury spent; And every sorrow we endure, Is by our heavenly Father sent.

The storm and sunshine both are sent By Him, who wisely knows our need; And bitter griefs will lessons prove, If we are wise enough to heed. What if the waves roll high and dark, And with the storm we have to cope? There's many a tide of battle fought By Courage hand in hand with Hope. If friends forsake us in our need, There's nothing gained by giving up; Prosperity will wait for us, If we have drained the bitter cup. For, oh! how sweet the breath of spring, When winter winds have taken flight! And thus by contrast with the dark, We learn the value of the light. Then struggle onward like a man, Keeping in view the promised bow; There's something in the future can Atone for every present woe.

## The Banker's Ward.

THE SHADOWY TERROR OF ARRANCOURT.

BY GEO. S. KAIME.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

DORA MARTIN worked faithfully to bring Norman Vinton back to life, and her efforts were at last crowned with success.

"You are better, now," said she, lifting his head into her lap.

But he had not recovered from his fright.

"Where is it? where is it?" he asked, looking wildly about the room.

"Dear Norman, you have been dreaming," said she, soothingly. "There was nothing—is nothing to harm you. You fainted from weakness. There, now you can sit in a chair, and I will stand at your side."

"No, no, no," he said, firmly. "I never can be."

"Oh, Norman!" said she, reproachfully, "it will kill me!"

"My dear child, I can not wrong you so. I have sinned most wickedly; but not this—not this!"

"It must be!" she answered, vehemently. "It must!"

He only shook his head sadly.

"It shall!" she cried.

Then she whispered something in his ear, that made him reel and faint—the one word—murder!

"Who told you that?" he gasped.

"You told me that this must not go on," said she, with a burning light in her dark eyes. "I dare you tell me so now? Say, quick! Shall it be priest or sheriff?"

"God have mercy!" cried the stricken man. "Must it be?"

"It must!" said Dora, coldly.

"The priest! quick!"

"Come, sir, we are ready again," said Dora, exultingly.

And the priest, gazing with mingled astonishment and fear, stepped forward to do her bidding.

While this scene was enacting in the library, a troop of horses had halted at the gate in front of Arrancourt. We recognize Henry Vinton and Ella and Captain Harding; but Meta was not there. No trace of her nor of George Matthews had they found, and they were returning sore-hearted to the regiment.

It had been decided to leave Ella at Arrancourt; and while the command halted, Captain Vinton and Ella rode up to the mansion.

Ella went to her own room, finding every thing just as she had left it, but Henry passed on to the library. The door was locked and he rapped loudly.

The door was opened by Mr. Martin, and Captain Vinton stepped into the room.

Dora looked up and met his gaze, but not a muscle of her face betrayed the agitation she felt. He was like one risen from the dead, yet so remarkable was her self-control, that she bowed and smiled, while at the same time she motioned for the ceremony to go on.

Captain Vinton was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this singular scene, but when the clergyman again essayed to perform the ceremony, Henry stepped up to him and sternly forbade.

"Go on!" cried Dora. "You have no right to interfere!"

Henry turned to his father with a questioning look.

"It must go on, Henry," said he, despairingly. "No earthly power can stop it."

Without another word Henry strode from the library, and waited outside until he knew, by the noise in the room, that they were husband and wife. Then he called Mr. Martin.

Not a word was said about the marriage—not a reproach uttered, but he led the old man to Ella's room. His knock was answered by Ella, and the father and child fell sobbing into each other's arms.

He waited until the father had recovered from his surprise; then he spoke.

"Mr. Martin, I have found your daughter, and returned her to you. I claim her as my own, but I leave her in your care for a brief time, and I charge you to cherish the trust."

"God willing, Henry, I will keep her from all harm," said the old man, fervently.

Then Henry took an affectionate leave of Ella, and hastened out to rejoin his comrades, without a word of adieu to his father or his father's wife.

Wife! How the thought rankled in his bosom as he strode from the house, and leaped into the saddle, and how the men stared at his anguished face, and wondered what he had seen in that grand old house to change him so.

"It is the parting with Ella," thought Captain Harding, "and partly the sad news for the colonel. I wish we had found her."

So no questions were put to Henry, and he volunteered no information, but took his place by Captain Harding's side, and the troops moved on.

They had ridden but a few miles when they saw a cloud of dust in advance, indicating the approach of another party. Captain Harding halted, and made preparations to meet the advancing cavalry, whether friends or foes.





On they came, halting within rifle-shot; and when the dust had cleared away, Captain Harding's party gave a glad shout of welcome, for they recognized Colonel Paul Rodney.

Each party now advanced, and there were glad greetings, and questions that could not be answered in a week's time.

"You have not found her?" asked Colonel Rodney. "I mean—"

"We have not found Meta," said Henry, sadly.

"Nor we," was the colonel's reply. "And we must give up the search now, for we are ordered to Washington without any delay. Fall in!"

#### CHAPTER XXVII. THE PRINCE OF DOGS.

WHEN George Matthews found the tide of battle turning against him, he began to think of escape. But he could not leave without one more effort to retain Meta in his possession. He watched an opportunity, and when the combatants were shrouded with dust and smoke, he grasped the now hopeful girl, and before she was aware of his intentions, she was on a horse with him, and galloping away.

It was then too late to cry for help, for her captor had bound a handkerchief over her mouth. She felt but little fear, however, for she doubted not that her friends would soon discover her absence, and come to the rescue.

George Matthews took his way down the ravine, notwithstanding the roughness of the path. He urged his overladen horse over the uneven ground at a speed that threatened to unhorse them every moment; but he was a good rider, and desperate.

At last the faithful animal could go no further. He had been slackening his pace for some time, yet his master urged him with whip and spur until further efforts were useless. He jumped to the ground, taking Meta with him, and the horse fell over on his side, completely exhausted.

"It won't do to leave him alive," muttered Matthews. "He may wander up in sight, and bring them all after me."

Drawing his knife, he dispatched the poor horse at once. Then grasping Meta's hand, he hurried her along through the tangled brush, dragging and carrying her by turns.

After a weary hour of this traveling, in which the poor girl's feet became bruised and sore, her hands and face scratched and bleeding, and her clothing rent in a hundred places, they came to a river.

Then George Matthews spoke to her for the first time since starting.

"I have eluded them, Meta," he said, triumphantly. "They may search all they please, but they can not overtake us now."

He removed the handkerchief from her mouth, but she only gave him a look of cold disdain.

"Your scorn is ill-timed," said he, starting toward the water, and taking her with him.

She saw a boat there; and when he bade her enter it, she obeyed, knowing how useless resistance would be.

"I hope you will keep the boat right side up," said she, ironically, for, with all her terror, she could not get over her scorn.

"You will not have Paul Rodney to rescue you if I do not," he replied, hotly, as he stepped in and took the oars.

"Then I may as well make up my mind to help myself, sir robber."

"Robber!" he shouted, his face livid with rage.

"I know no better name to call you," she returned, provokingly cool and haughty.

He choked back the angry words that rose to his lips, for he saw Meta's eyes light up with joy as she gazed toward the shore they had just left. Somewhat alarmed, for he was not yet out of rifle-range, he quickly turned his gaze in the same direction, and was very much relieved when he saw nothing but a bloodhound following along the shore. He drew his revolver, but Meta comprehended his purpose, and struck it from his hand into the water.

"Coward!" she exclaimed. "Do you war upon nothing but women and domestic animals?"

He drew back abashed; for with all his wickedness, it was of a negative kind, that might be kept in subjection by a loving hand.

He resumed his rowing, sending the boat to the other side of the stream, while Prince trotted along the shore, keeping them in sight. Meta grew more hopeful. One faithful friend had not lost sight of her. Might he not be the forerunner of others?

Silently the two sat in the boat, George rowing steadily all the while, and gazing at the beautiful face of the woman as she looked hopefully at the opposite shore. What were his thoughts? Good ones, perhaps, for his face grew kinder as he gazed and thought; and once he laid down his oars to rig an awning to shield Meta from the burning sun. She looked up in surprise, but when she saw the changed look she thanked him.

George kept on his way until an hour or more after sunset. Then he struck across the stream and landed.

"We are now safe from all pursuit, Meta," said he, more respectfully than he had yet spoken. "We will pass the night on shore, and resume our journey in the morning."

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"Where I can have you all to myself, Meta. Where I can love you with a love that knows no equal in the wide world. Oh, Meta! you know not this passion which drives me into all manner of wickedness, that I may possess the object I love. You, dear Meta, have the power to make me a man or a demon. Which shall it be? Let me know my doom!"

He was kneeling at her feet, and grasping her hand so firmly that she could not withdraw it. She looked down at his burning face, and knew that his words were sincere, however differently she might interpret them. Yet she could only speak the truth, though it imperiled her life.

"George Matthews," said she, kindly, but firmly, "the way you have chosen will never win a woman's love; and you have gone so far that I never can feel again but repulsion for you. I say it in all kindness, but I can not perjure myself even to save my own life. Forget me. Take me out of this wilderness, and let me go my way. I will forget and forgive your insults and injustice, if you will take me away from here and leave me forever."

"Never!" he hissed, with a terrible oath, as he sprung to his feet. "I have given you your last chance! You will never hear my pleadings again! But I swear that you shall be mine, and I will seal my vow with a kiss."

His horrid fury struck Meta motionless, and not until she felt his polluting arm about her waist did she rouse to action. Then she struggled with the energy of despair, shouting all the while for help.

Help? In that wilderness? But help was near for all that. Pat-pat-pat went the bloodhound's soft feet over the ground, and then there was a tiger-like spring, and the sharp teeth were fastened in George Matthews' arm, freeing Meta. She flew to the boat, jumped in, and seized an oar to push off; but she could not leave Prince.

She called him, and he came bounding to her, and springing into the boat, crouched at her feet, to brace and guard her back.

Then she pushed off, and the current caught the skiff and bore her down the stream, away from that sickening sight which Prince had left.

In comparative safety, and weak and exhausted, she fell asleep, the dog watching over her.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. THE HOSPITAL REVELATION.

META slept in her floating couch until the morning sun, shining full in her face, awoke her. She started up, and gazed about her at the broad fields and comfortable farm-houses, still under the effects of the bewilderment of her awakening; but when her look fell upon Prince, wide awake, and looking up to her so intelligently, it all came back to her in its most hideous aspect. She had, however, escaped, and was free once more to go where she pleased; yet Doctor James Martin's revenge—his curse—had not left her. She was yet nameless, homeless and friendless.

Right before her was a city, and she was slowly drifting toward it. It seemed not far away, yet she almost hoped that she might never reach it. Would she find a home there? Yes, in the streets! She gazed and wondered, and racked her dizzy brain in her vain attempts to penetrate the future. How dark it looked—growing darker and darker all the while, for ever ringing in her ears were the words, "nameless, homeless, friendless," and those that came after.

"What have I done?" she murmured; "what, that I should find no peace, no rest in all the wide world? Father! mother! where are you that you do not come to me, and relieve my bursting heart and my tortured brain?"

She looked down into the deep, dark waters of the Potomac. But one more pang like the last, and she would have thrown herself into the depths, and bid adieu to earth; but Paul's face seemed looking up to her out of the turbid element—his voice seemed calling to her—his arm seemed drawing her back.

"No! no! no! I must never do that!" she murmured. "Only cowardly flee from life. I'll brave all; reproach, insults, ignominy, every thing rather than take my own life."

She seized an oar, and, with the little skill that she had acquired at Wilhampton, she worked the boat out of the current toward the shore. Past small-boats like her own, past ships, steamboats and vessels of war, heeding not the stares and the shouts, she kept on her way and touched the shore at last. With hearty thankfulness she stepped ashore, leaving the boat to whoever might take it, and, followed by Prince, dragged her way through the streets of the National Capital.

Weak, faint and hungry, she knocked timidly at the door of a house and begged for bread. Once she would have starved ere she stooped to this; but for some reason the love of life had grown strong within her. The wall that hid the future was not lifting, but a brightness shone through it that she never saw before, revealing nothing, but promising much.

"Something to eat?" repeated the kind-faced woman. "Certainly, my child. It is not often any one goes away hungry from my door; nor shall they while I have to give. Come in and rest, for you look as if you would drop. Bring the dog, too. He's a noble-looking fellow."

How much good the kind words did; almost as much as the fragrant coffee, and the light, crisp biscuits. And how reluctantly she arose to go.

"You aren't going?" asked the woman. "You don't look able to stir. Stay with me, dear, to-day and rest. You are welcome."

Meta hesitated. The temptation was very strong.

"You are very good to me," she said. "I really do not feel able to walk."

"I knew it, child. Come right in here, and lie down."

Meta was only too glad, for she was weary of body and mind.

It was quite late in the afternoon when she awoke, feeling much better for the rest. The interval until supper-time was taken up by Meta in recounting her capture and escape, and never had narrator a better listener.

"Perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed the good woman. "And this dog did all that? Why, if I had him, I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him; but I suppose he will eat as much as a pig."

After this outburst of enthusiasm, Meta made inquiries about employment. Perhaps the mention of Prince's capacity for virtuous reminded her that her purse was empty.

"I know of but one place," replied the lady. "John—that is my boy—was saying this morning that nurses were scarce at the hospital. Would you like such a place?"

"I really do not know," replied Meta. "I can try it."

"I will speak to John when he comes. Here he is now."

John proved to be a sergeant in the infantry, and on duty at the hospital. In answer to his mother's question as to the probability of procuring a situation for Meta, he said there was not the least doubt but that she could get one; and readily offered to go up with her in the morning. Meta thanked him, and accepted his escort.

The situation was easily obtained, but there were many objections as to Prince, who could not be induced to leave Meta; and it was only by telling how he had rescued her, that the faithful dog was allowed to remain.

How strange it all seemed to her; but as she looked at the long rows of beds, on each of which lay a poor soldier suffering for love and care, she forgot herself. How her tender heart bled for them. Lacking skill, she made up the deficiency by kindness and sympathy.

How those lonely, suffering men—not one of them so lonely as she—stared when she first appeared among them, followed by Prince. She seemed so like a ray of sunlight bursting in upon them. How they watched her passing from one to another, with a gentle word and a smile that were worth more to them than all the drugs. How they looked for her coming, and murmured a "God bless your sweet face" when she was there; and when she went away, they thought of her until she came again.

And Meta found pleasure in this self-sacrificing life. It opened her eyes to the fact that her lot was indeed blessed compared to the misery she saw around her, and she went cheerfully about her duties.

She had been there a week when another sufferer was brought into her ward. Not that there was any thing singular about this, for they were brought in every day, but this man was no stranger. It was George Matthews.

All the happiness went out of her face, then, and a crushing weight seemed laid upon her heart. There were fears, too, and doubts as to her proper course. Should she remain and nurse him back to health and life? Or, should she flee ere he saw her? It was a struggle between fear and duty, and duty prevailed.

George could scarce believe his eyes when he saw the beautiful face bending over him, and her voice speaking to him in kindly tones.

"Good heavens!" he articulated, in a feeble voice; "Meta, is it you, come to nurse me back to life?"

"Yes, George," she replied, "I am thankful," he murmured, between the choking sobs. "Meta, while lying there in that deep wood where your faithful dog left me—while lying there to die—I thought over my past life, and I made a solemn promise that if my life was spared, I would make amends for my sins."

How rapidly Meta's thoughts ran over the time from their first meeting until she left him, as he said, to die. How every word that he uttered came back to her. How she longed to ask him one question, but she could not. And he was lying there waiting for her to speak, yet what could she say?

"Meta, you do not seem pleased," he said, reproachfully.

"Oh, George! you do not know how pleased I am!" said she, bursting into tears; "but—"

The blush that unconsciously overspread her face told George what was in her thoughts.

"Oh, Meta!" he cried, "I thought I loved you, but it was nothing—nothing to the love I feel for you now—"

Meta drew away and looked coldly at him.

"Nay, Meta, do not misjudge me now. I am not what I was. I thought only of my own pleasure then; now my greatest

pleasure is in seeing you happy. I lied to you about Paul Rodney. He was innocent of the crime that drove him away; and I know nothing of your secret only that you have one; but whatever it is, I know that you are the noblest, purest woman that ever lived. I will see Paul when I get off this sick bed, and if I can bring you two together again, it will be all that I can ask. Meta, I have your forgiveness?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, joyfully.

"I wish I could forgive myself," he said, sadly.

With a sister's care, Meta tended the remorseful man; and when he was able to travel she went with him, for she had a yearning to see her dear foster-parents again. She never doubted, but with a child's trust looked forward to the happy meeting.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 22.)

### What a Woman Did.

A STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO LIFE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

IT WAS NIGHT in San Francisco, and the shining lights of that beautiful constellation, *Corona Borealis*, the Northern Crown, looked down upon three men standing in the deep shade of a building.

They were, without an exception, tall and rather fashionably-dressed fellows, whose faces bore the marks of rapid traveling down the path of crime which leads to death. They were watching for some person whom they intended to use rather roughly, for one of the trio carried a lariat prepared for a throw.

Ever and anon they glanced around the corner of the building, and down the narrow street, to see if their marked victim was coming.

"I wish he would come," muttered one of the human panthers, with an impatience prompted by the unholy desire to possess something that was not his. "I wish we hadn't come so early; he will not be here for hours. Let us go back and pluck that young Mobilian."

"And while we were there he may come and the golden opportunity would be lost."

"Just so, Ion," said he with the lasso. "As soon as I heard him say that he was going to relieve the bank of some of its notes, I broke for you. On his way home he will stop at Hilliard's to have, of course, a chat with Nellie. And you see that if she ain't at home he will come right on. He may be here within ten minutes, or he may stay at Hilliard's till twelve. I, for one, am going to wait for him."

"So am I," said one of the others. "I must have money before dawn."

"I want money as bad as either of you, boys," said the impatient fellow. "But I don't want to wait till midnight for him, when we might be relieving the Mobilian of his surplus. I'll wait another hour for Mr. Curtis Redcliffe, and if he ain't here then, I'm off."

"All right, Jack; so much the better for Ion and me when he does come. The division will be by halves, not thirds."

At that moment a cough sounded upon the ears of the gold-thirsty trio, and the one called Ion looked down the street.

"Somebody's coming," he whispered, "but I can not distinguish him. Look for yourself, Rafe; you have seen Redcliffe."

Rafe Bewick, who carried the rope, looked at the form approaching in the starlight, and then turned to his companions with a grim smile of satisfaction.

"Who is it?" they asked, simultaneously.

"None other than Curtis Redcliffe," he answered.

"Step back a little, boys, and draw your toothpicks. I want a good swing at him with the rope. I'll drop it over his head and pinion his arms in a jiffy. Now mind, boys, do not use your knives if he does not recognize us. I do not think he will recognize me; anyhow, he has forgotten my name."

Two of the men stepped further into the deep shade until their backs touched the bricks, while the other assumed the proper position for throwing the noose.

On came the noble, unsuspecting victim, thinking of the fair young girl who, God willing, was soon to become his bride. He never dreamed of a plot to rob him, and, perhaps, take his life. Never had he been molested while threading the dark, tortuous streets of San Francisco, and therefore went unarmed.

He was on his way home from a prominent banking-house whence he had drawn a large sum of money, which was rather carelessly carried in an inside pocket. He did not think that a villain had heard him remark, among a host of friends, that he would draw that night a no insignificant sum of money from the bank.

With an inward chuckle the trio saw their victim approach, and presently he passed them, noticing not their proximity.

He was a few feet from the villains when Rafe Bewick stepped from the shadow. Pausing, he swung the fatal noose over his head, and shot it forward on its errand.

There was, we venture, no greater expert with the lasso than Rafe Bewick. He had lariatied the wild horses on the pampas of North America, and Curtis Redcliffe was not the first man over whose devoted head his noose had dropped. He once lassoed a Mexican rival, and dragged

the poor fellow over a weary stretch of timberless country at his horse's heels.

He was a polished villain, moved in the fashionable circles of San Francisco, and whenever fortune deserted him at the card-table, he had recourse to his lariat.

So quickly did the noose slip over young Redcliffe's head, that he scarcely felt it until his arms were pinioned to his sides. He turned to confront his assailant, when he was rudely jerked to the ground, and a minute later he found himself completely in the power of the three.

He had seen Rafe Bewick in Galveston five years prior to his present appearance, and he had not changed enough to defy recognition.

"So you are, at your old business, Rafe Bewick," he exclaimed, for he knew something regarding the villain's actions in Mexico.

Not expecting a recognition, Rafe looked blankly at his companions, and then whispered: "He must die!"

The words, which scarcely parted the speaker's lips, reached the ears of Curtis Redcliffe.

"I expected nothing better at your hands," he said. "You, who scruple not to cheat, will not hesitate to kill. Do your worst, villains. I see your knives red with the blood of others, soon to be stained with mine."

Rafe Bewick uttered an oath, and pushed the young man back.

"Finish him, Ion," he said, looking up at Markham. "Do not strike twice, either. Then we'll go through his pockets, and toss him into the bay."

The hardened villain thus addressed raised a knife with a long, narrow blade, and held it over the helpless man.

"Strike," cried Rafe, upon whose ears footsteps were sounding. "Strike! someone's coming—a woman, by—"

The last words—not an uncommon oath—were uttered as the faintest of revolvers cracked, and dropping the knife, Ion Markham staggered to his feet to fall back on a corpse.

Still grasping the lasso, Rafe Bewick sprang to his feet, and planting one foot firmly upon the breast of Curtis Redcliffe, drew his revolver. Jack Whitelaw followed, and the two villains prepared to meet the woman who had fired the shot fatal to one of their number.

But they pierced the starlight in vain for the mysterious slayer. She did not make her appearance, and presently Rafe Bewick said:

"I guess she is satisfied, Jack. Perhaps Ion treated her badly, and she wanted revenge. I saw her white dress, and I got a glimpse of her face by the flash of her pistol. Now, then, let us finish this Curtis Redcliffe, toss him into the bay, and give Ion, poor fellow, a pretty decent burial."

The couple had scarcely knelt to complete their hellish work, when a woman's voice caused them to rise again.

"I see you, villains," said the unseen one, "and my revolver is directed at one of your heads. I never miss, as Curtis Redcliffe knows. If you disappear within the period occupied by counting ten, I will not see fire; but if you remain when the last numeral is pronounced, a certain heart shall cease to beat, and another may follow its example. One murderer, to begin with."

From the sound of the woman's voice, the villains could not discover her position. Had they succeeded, they would have discharged their weapons at her with fatal effect, for their marksmanship could not be excelled.

And Curtis Redcliffe. He lay there motionless, but with a fear-burdened heart. He feared for the success of the woman's bold attempt to save his life. Her voice he had instantly recognized; he had heard it too often to forget it. But, now it was clothed in a firmness which he scarcely thought its possessor capable of commanding.

Breathlessly he awaited the end, and closely he noted the villain's movements.

The fifth numeral had died away far, down the dark street, when Rafe Bewick clutched his companion's arm.

"Let us go, Jack," he said. "She is inclined to be merciful, for she counts slowly. If we are here when she says 'ten' she will shoot, and one, perhaps both of us, will follow Ion. I don't want to die just yet. Come; but first let us pick up Ion and take him with us. Curse the woman that killed him!"

Jack Whitelaw was prompt to obey his companion in crime, and stooping, they raised the body of Ion Markham, and hastened to get beyond the range of the unseen death-dealing pistol.

Rejoiced at his deliverance, Curtis Redcliffe rose to his feet to be joined by a woman who held in her hand a small revolver.

"Oh, I am so thankful that I came in time to save you, Curtis," she cried, as she proceeded to tear the horrid noose from his form.

"Had your arrival been delayed a moment, my brave little woman, you might now be standing over my corpse. How can I ever reward you for your bravery to-night?"

He kissed her as she blushing answered:

"By loving me in the future, Curtis, as you have in the past."

"That I shall never grow weary of doing, Nellie," he cried. "But tell me where you have been."



"So you did not find me home, then?" She smiled.

"No, Nellie."

"I have been to Mrs. Watson's," she replied. "I thought you would stop at our house on your way home. I did not want to keep you waiting, as I thought you would tarry until my return, so I curtailed my visit and hurried homeward. Reaching the Randlaw block I heard voices and paused. Then I heard you bid some one to finish their work, and instantly divining your situation, I, pistol in hand, darted forward. The first thing I saw distinctly was the knife flashing over a prostrate man, whom I thought was you."

"With a quick aim I fired at the villain's breast, and saw him rise and fall backward. Then I sprang into the alley yonder, from whence I could see the remaining couple without being seen by them."

"And you would have fired had they remained," said Curtis, admiring the brave, beautiful girl before him.

"Yes; my pistol was directed at the breast of the one that held the rope."

"It was Rafe Bewick. I wish you had fired, Nellie, and thus rid the world of her greatest curse. But he will get his just deserts some day, which I hope is not far distant."

A few minutes later the couple were walking from the tragic spot.

"I shall go armed henceforward," said Curtis.

"I wonder how the villains knew that I drew money from the bank to-night."

"They are shrewd fellows, Curtis," said Nellie, and I think they will leave the city, fearing an arrest."

Nellie Hilliard divined rightly, for, after burying Jon Markham, Rafe Bewick and his companion fled to the mines, where they cheated many a poor fellow out of his hard-earned gold.

Two months after the scenes related above, Curtis Redcliffe married the brave woman who saved his life when the assassin's knife was about to cleave his heart.

## Buck Harvey's Trap.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

Far up the Kentucky river, where the giant cliffs shoot perpendicularly upward from the water's edge for more than a thousand feet, and where the stream, pent up between the granite walls, dashes downward into a speed equal to that of a mill-race, there is a peculiarly-shaped rock, known as *Harvey's Trap*.

This rock is triangular, or nearly so, in shape, perfectly flat, some three or four feet in diameter, and lies directly in a narrow pathway that skirts the verge of the precipice and gradually descends to the entrance of a large cavern that penetrates the face of the cliff a few feet from the surface. The venturesome pedestrian, after stepping over this rock, turns sharply to the left, almost at a right angle, and passing round the elbow, finds that he is treading upon a narrow ledge, scarce twenty-four inches in width, the face of the cliff upon the one hand, while upon the other yawns a frightful chasm, at the bottom of which, far, far below, he sees the flash of sunlight on the water as it hurries by.

Projecting above the verge of the precipice, directly in front of this rock we have described, there was, at the time of which I write, and indeed until recently, a tall, slender hickory sapling that had taken root in the crevices of the rock, and which grew and thrived well notwithstanding its precarious hold.

This much, by way of description, is necessary to the reader's fully comprehending what I am about to relate.

It was the evening, or rather afternoon, of the fourth day subsequent to the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, about an hour by sun, when the form of a man, clad in the garb of a hunter, cautiously emerged from a thicket a few paces in rear of the cliff. Pausing an instant as though to make sure he was unobserved, he uttered a low whistle that quickly brought another individual to his side from out the brush.

"Come! to the cave," said the first, "this rock leaves no trail," and so speaking, the two hunters bounded lightly across the open space and disappeared down the narrow pathway that led to the cave below.

The movements of the men were hasty, as though no time were to be lost in getting to cover, and not without ample reason. Scarcely had their heads sunk below the level of the rock, when the undergrowth was again parted, and another form stole out as the others had done; but this time it was an Indian warrior, equipped and painted for the war-path.

A moment later he was joined by two others, and then the whole party, after a few words spoken in deep, guttural tones, began a rapid search for the lost trail.

But, as the hunter had said, the hard surface of the cliffs gave no sign, and, closely scanning every inch as they went, the warriors moved gradually down the stream and were soon lost to view.

Fully half an hour passed, before the silence was again broken. At the expiration of that time a head was cautiously protruded around the cliff where the path turned, and a moment later, the hunter we have first seen, stepped into full view, closely followed by his companion.

"I say, Buck," said the latter, in a low voice, "we've got to hurry up or the reds'll be down on us—"

"Sartinly! sartinly!" was the reply.

"Yer know when Buck Harvey starts to do an Injin a turn he don't lag by the way. Come; re'ch out an' see ef ye kin draw the saplin' in."

It was evident that the fugitives had been concocting some plan while in the cavern, and that they were now putting it in operation.

While the hunter was endeavoring to reach the branches of the hickory sapling of which we have spoken, evidently with the intention of bending the elastic trunk in toward where they stood, Buck Harvey was busy with a coil of small, though stout rope which he held in his hand.

This he finally succeeded in getting free of kinks and tangles, and after forming a loop of one end, he carefully laid it aside and proceeded to assist his comrade in securing the tree.

This was a matter of no little difficulty, and it required the utmost efforts of both men to bend the springy shoot into proper position; but, when once down, it was easily held by one man.

Harvey now took from the pocket of his hunting-shirt a number of forked sticks, as large, perhaps, as one's thumb, which he quickly drove into the crevices around the outer edge of the triangular rock we have heretofore described. Around these he then drew the noose he had formed in the rope, made the other end fast to the bent sapling, which was gradually eased up until all the strain was upon the cord, and the trap or "snare" was completed.

"Thar!" said the hunter, "ef one on 'em does get his foot inter that he'll see snakes er my name ain't Buck Harvey, that's all!"

With a last look to see that all was secure, and after dropping a small piece of *patching* in the pathway between the trap and the edge of the cliff, both men again disappeared down the narrow ledge to the cave.

Several hours passed, and the full moon was just rising above the tree-tops on the hill beyond the river, when a slight sound from above caught the quick ear of Harvey.

"Hark, Ned," he whispered to his comrade, who was dozing in one corner. "The imps ar' abroad, an' we'll hear from 'em soon."

Both men grasped their rifles and stole to the mouth of the cavern.

Above them they could see the lower part of the bent tree, the top being lost behind the edge of the cliff. But this was enough; and they waited and watched.

Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, when suddenly a guttural exclamation, as of surprise, was heard.

"The rag, Ned! they found it—!" But the sentence was cut short by a stifled cry, quickly followed by a loud, shrill yell of dismay, and then, as the bent tree sprung back into its original position, they saw a dark form, with wildly flying arms, shoot upward and outward, as though it had been hurled from some mighty engine of destruction.

A quick, sharp *snap* followed as the rope, stretched to its utmost tension by the rebound, broke under the strain, and the hapless warrior, with a last yell of unspeakable horror, clove his way through the empty void down to the jagged rocks amid the torrent below.

Without pausing to look further, the remaining warriors fled in terror to the forest and were seen no more.

Buck Harvey has long since gone the way of all flesh, but the little triangular rock bears his name to this day.

## Cruiser Crusoe:

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

COULD all the events of the previous night have been a dream? No; I was wide awake enough, and the long chase of the tiny boat was no effect of the imagination. Besides, here was the mark where the canoe had been dragged ashore, while the feet of natives, clothed in moccasins, were clearly visible.

I followed the track for some little distance, until on the side of a large hillock I found a little fountain, in the shape of a hole seven inches across, of green stagnant water. Hastily removing the surface, I drank some of the water, but it was so execrably bad, that, though thirsty and feverish, I had to desist.

But while stooping to see if a mill might not be found supplying this fountain with water, I saw a small print in the sand. It was light, it was almost imperceptible; but I knew it was Pablina's foot. Why did this girl thus persevere in fleeing from me—or was she forced to do so by her native companions?

What was to be done? To leave my boat was dangerous, as they might come upon it and ransack its contents; but then, I could not bear the uncertainty under which I labored. My gun, my dog and my lasso, was all I took, and with these I proposed to follow the trail.

Fortunately, the prickly gourd of which I have before spoken was here in abundance, growing in perfect hillocks. It was meat and drink both to me and to my dog, who, like the hyenas, antelopes and birds, had taken a great fancy to it.

For some time the trail was not difficult to follow, and in a very few minutes I be-

came aware, from the impressions on the sand and elsewhere, that the two fugitives were carrying a heavy weight—of course, their canoe. This aroused me to active exertion, as it proved their settled determination to flee from me. After a short period they had entered a dense growth of under-wood and bushes, through which I knew not really how they made their way. In this wood there appeared nothing alive but black and white crows, that disinclined to move as we passed.

I pushed through, after fastening a piece of cord over the trigger of my gun, for fear it might, in forcing my way through, be pushed up. It was fearful work, and my hands and face were fearfully scratched, while every moment I heard the sound of snakes getting out of my way, which did not certainly add to my contentment.

After half an hour I came upon a wide and rapid stream, and here the trail ended.

My chase after the infatuated Indian girl seemed to me to resemble that of some benighted toper making his weary way after an *ignis fatuus* or will o' the wisp, over bush, briar and brake. Though evidently attached to me, and feeling for me sentiments almost akin to my own, she fled from me like some forest Diana from the lover she feared and yet loved.

Woman is a riddle, and I at that time decided her to be the most extraordinary one.

But, then, what right had I to judge this innocent child of nature, who, though to a certain extent a savage, had her feelings and her sense of right and wrong? Young as she was, how knew I that she had not a husband? In tropical countries girls marry at eleven, and are antique grandmothers at twenty-five.

Why should Pablina not be married, and why should this not be the reason that she had fled from me?

The thought, I must say, went to my very heart, but still it was a suggestion not to be rudely dismissed, though that did not explain much that was essentially mysterious in her conduct. Why, indeed, had she sought me out the second time? why should she have stopped with me and nursed me, and then, after owning her tenderness for me, why had she fled in such a strange and mysterious way?

Why!—the answer that she could have given would have been sublime; but I could not even suspect it.

The river before me was swift in the extreme, swift enough to preclude all idea of my swimming it; so that my only plan was to go upward in search of a ford or rift, or a place where the channel was wider and less like a rapid.

Its banks were bordered by the ordinary trees, but scarcely any sign of animal life was visible, save where a few lizards basked in the sun, or little birds hopped about on the twigs.

The pathway along the river was not very easily traveled. I had to make long detours every now and then, but succeeded in keeping it in sight. This was absolutely necessary for my purpose. But as I advanced, the chances of success seemed to diminish rather than increase, as the river grew rapider than ever, while the way was so difficult that I do not believe I made five miles the whole day.

At eventide I halted, exhausted and worn out.

Where I selected my camp was under a steep, overhanging rock. The space I occupied was not more than a dozen yards square, but it was sheltered, and did not necessitate a fire, which I wished to avoid, lest I might frighten away the fugitives, or bring more around me than I cared to meet.

The night was pitchy dark. My dog lay at my feet, exceedingly wearied with his day's journey. I was so myself, and yet it was a long time before I could go to sleep.

My rest was not for long. I awoke with a severe headache, rubbed my eyes, and looked across the river. As certain as I was alive, there was a fire on the opposite side—a fire, too, burning in a position which made it all but certain that I had fallen on my fugitives.

On the opposite side of the river, the banks were perpendicular, sheer down to the water. The camp of the others was on the summit, and all I could make of it was the reddened under branches of a tree that overhung the fire, and which branches were every now and then illuminated by a red and flickering light.

I ascended to the summit of the cliff, and there, using my telescope, I saw all that was passing.

It was a camp-fire under an overspreading tree, and by it sat two figures. There was no doubt about it, one was the Indian girl, the other a man of much darker hue—a negro, in fact, but with none of that ferocity, nor none of that revolting ugliness which had so disgusted me in the Pan negroes, whose cannibalism is to be read in their faces.

Now this man was strong and powerful, and had evidently compelled Pablina to fly from me, when our two canoes met upon the waters.

What was to be done? I could have shot him easily as he sat up in earnest conversation with the Indian girl, but it was quite evident that, though he exercised a very severe control over her, still they were not enemies. They were conversing in an undertone, and they were serious, but still their actions, the expression of their countenances, were friendly.

Pablina was making an effort to persuade him of the truth of something he would not listen to. He shook his head negatively; he pointed upward; he made odd and unintelligible signs, but they were evidently of disbelief.

Pablina laid her head upon his arm and looked up in his face with such a winning smile as I would have given worlds to have her give me.

And yet, somehow, just then I felt none of that bitter, corroding jealousy which might have naturally assailed me. That she was trying to persuade him he ought to have waited for the sail-boat was to me quite self-evident, but he was hard of belief, and could not get over the fear my appearance had inspired him with.

To end the discussion, he cast himself down beside the fire, and was soon asleep, or feigning to be so.

We were fifty feet apart—a swift and rapid stream ran between us, a stream that no swimmer that ever lived could have ventured to affront, so powerful was the current. There was no present chance of our being united, and yet I could not bear the thought of allowing the opportunity to pass.

She was seated by the fire in an attitude of deep thought, with the light playing on her speaking countenance, so that I could watch the emotions which preoccupied her mind. Every now and then she would cast a glance at the sleeping or recumbent form of the man. Presently she seemed to think him secure, for she rose and approached the edge of the cliff.

I could no longer restrain myself.

"Pablina—hist—Pablina!"

She started like some beautiful animal terrified by the first glimpse of the hunter.

Then she listened in an attitude of deep attention.

"Pablina!" I repeated.

She glanced across, and I knew that she saw me, for her hands were clasped together in an attitude of supplication.

But I was no more advanced than I was before. No further conversation was possible. She was evidently afraid to wake her companion; I knew not what to say that she could understand. It was most annoying and vexatious, as unless I could communicate with her, at daybreak her guardian would carry her off once more—never for us to meet again in this world.

It was a most painful position. We were neither of us sufficiently advanced in each other's language to be able to have an explanation in a few, short and pithy words. And thus, with an occasional whisper across the gulf, impassable as that of Tartarus, the night sped away, and then gray dawn arose.

I was on my feet with my arms outstretched toward her, while she, with downcast eyes, appeared anxious to avoid showing her own deep emotion.

My gun leaned on the hollow of my arm. I glanced at the swift torrent below. It was not to be crossed.

I pointed to it. She shook her head gloomily and sadly, and then raising her finger pointed upward.

I understood her. The stream was to be crossed at a point higher up the river. I made signs that I would move on. She nodded, and herself made similar signs.

At that instant, the man who held her in a kind of subjection rose to his feet, rushed at her angrily, caught her by the wrist, and dragged her out of sight ere I could speak or act. My gun was at my shoulder in an instant, but it was too late, even if I could have made up my mind to have shot him, without having some better excuse than I had at present.

I was dumbfounded. Which way this man would take her was a mystery too much for me to unravel. However, irresolution would be of no avail, and my mind was instantly made up to return to my boat, to coast along until I passed the river, and then to land, and, aided by my dog, to hunt up the fugitives, and at any risk and peril to take Pablina from her guardian.

The journey back was performed with a rapidity and recklessness for which both my body and my clothes suffered a long time afterward, but I reached the boat in an incredible short space of time, took a hasty meal, and seeing from the shore an opening in the breakers, started at once; and, dashing through two combing waves, found myself in the open sea.

Away before a rattling breeze went the canoe—away, hope at the helm and impatience at the bow, until my vision was gladdened, in about half an hour, by the sight of an opening which I saw and felt, from the excessive rapidity of its current, was the river I was in search of.

So quick did the water rush, that it was impossible to enter the river; but about a hundred yards beyond it was a convenient cove into which I ran the canoe, and, fastening it carefully, took my gun and dog, and started in pursuit.

About a mile up the river, I came upon a solution of part of the mystery.

Across the river, where it was swiftest, perhaps, and where the water rushed so rapidly as to form almost a rapid and fall, was a rope of cocoanut fiber, lashed each side to a stout tree. By means of this it was that they had crossed the river. Had I known it, what misery—what doubt—what suspense I might have been saved. I did not stop, however, in my course, hurrying on along the banks of the river, until at length wearied, exhausted and utterly out of breath, I cast myself down upon the spot where she had lain the night before.

This was some satisfaction; but more remained to be done. I had to find the trail, and to follow it up, until I was successful.

After a goodly rest, which was absolutely necessary, I rose and commenced a survey of the camp.

There was the remains of the fire, and the marks where the bushes had been torn up, and small trees cut down, to make the fire which had guided me to their whereabouts. But, as I required no one to inform me that they had been there, my whole energies were devoted to the discovery of where they had gone to. As soon as my breath had returned, I scanned the whole scene with a cautious eye, and soon saw the path by which they had chosen to depart.

They had carried a birch canoe, as I had clear evidence of where it had lain upon the ground, and now it was not. Laden even with a light canoe, their progress must be slow. It was impossible to run, so that in this way I should be likely to overtake them. Their trail was marked, the more that I saw Pablina had taken pains to indicate their progress, had plucked flowers, had broken twigs, had stepped in soft places, where feet could be clearly distinguished, and acted in other ways to facilitate my pursuit.

She knew, then, that I was after her, and was willing to afford me every assistance in her power. This was a joyous fact, and one that gave me every hope for the future.

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## THE QUESTION.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Well, well, who ever had thought  
I'd be single at thirty and five,  
In a city where beaux are so few,  
And girls thick as bees in a hive!  
Yet such is the case, but the fault  
Is not certainly mine, I'll allow,  
That rendered my gallantries vain,  
And makes me a bachelor now.

The first one I offered my hand,  
And a share of my poverty, too—  
Put her handkerchief up to her eyes,  
And went straight to crying "boo-hoo."  
When I turned to her quickly, and spoke:  
"If my question has wounded your head,  
Or your heart, I will take it all back;  
I didn't mean half that I said."

The next that I asked on my knees,  
I wanted three months for a reply,  
But I told her that that was too long,  
And the question I quickly put by.  
The next one said, "Yes," in a trice,  
And I was both shocked and amused,  
For she was too anxious by far,  
And I begged that I might be excused.

Another, exceedingly fair,  
Of wood for six months, I should think;  
She kept me in love and despair,  
Till I neither could sleep, eat or drink,  
And at length when I asked for her hand,  
She started, her gaze on me bent,  
And said that "I never would do,"  
My husband would never consent.

The last one I asked was last night,  
Ere I took my departure, quite slow,  
But she made a mistake worse than all,  
And, very unthinking, said, "No!"  
Still, when the girls cease to be  
Too anxious, too slow, or too fast,  
(So they only are anxious enough),  
I may come to be married at last.

## The Specter Captain.

## A SKETCH OF BARNEGAT.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Born among the wreckers of Barnegat, Jack Brand, at seventeen, had all the reckless, dare-devil, defiant manner that characterized the rest of the fierce coast men. Nevertheless in his clear, blue eyes, and upon his handsome, manly face, was a something that spoke of good impulses and a kind nature, which had survived his bad "bringing-up."

His mother—the wife of one of the wreckers—had, in fact, been a good woman. Both his parents, however, had died when he was a mere child, leaving him to the care of wretches who would willingly have throttled a man for the sake of a few gold pieces or a package of India goods.

Thus the boy grew up to imbibe wrong ideas, although it is doubtful he would have perpetrated a desperate crime. Often in his dreams he would seem to hear a smothered cry for help—then a groan—then a splash, as of a body being thrown into the water. This constantly-recurring fancy inspired him with a horror of murder, which grew with his growth.

He was a mere child when he really did hear the horrible noises mentioned. A vessel had been wrecked off the coast; the captain alone had survived and been brought to shore. Jack could remember his appearance well, a stout man, wearing a pea-jacket, and pants turned up over thick blue woollen stockings—the feet incased in broad, heavy shoes. He also remembered hearing him say he had a twin-brother engaged in the merchant service, in a vessel plying between Liverpool and Boston.

On a dark, stormy night this captain, who had given his name as Bond, was murdered by one of the wreckers, a fierce fellow, with low brow and hooked nose, called "Red Sam" by his comrades, who merely winked at the deed. It was the cry of the unfortunate, and the splash of his body, as it was thrown into the sea, that little Jack had heard so long ago.

One day—Jack was then eighteen years old—the wind came on to blow a terrific gale. Toward night a sail was seen vainly striving to beat off the dangerous coast.

The result was a wreck. At about ten o'clock at night a boat containing the survivors—two men and a young girl of sixteen—reached the coast, and was hauled upon the beach by the wild wreckers. With the light of the lanterns flashing upon their faces, their unkempt beards, long hair, and rough garb, the wreckers looked more like demons than human beings. As the occupants of the boat stepped out, they were surrounded; the poor girl drenched with spray and shivering with cold, shrinking back at the sight of the fierce men.

There was a chest in the boat. This was hauled forth, and the wreckers were about bursting it open, when the young girl threw herself upon it.

"Oh! no! no!" she pleaded, in a sweet, plaintive voice. "It contains nothing of value—only a few dresses and some trinkets, which were left to me by my poor mother, who died in England."

Involutionally the rough fellows paused. Such loveliness as this girl's was seldom seen upon that rude coast. Her great, brown eyes shone like stars, her face was oval and tinted with a soft, rosy color, her dark, unbound hair fell twining around her matchless waist.

"Come!" exclaimed Red Sam, "this is nonsense. These trinkets are gold, I'll swear, and I'm in for 'em!"

So saying, he threw himself upon the chest.

A strong arm hurled him to one side. He turned, showing his teeth, his eyes flashing, to confront young Jack Brand.

"No, Sam, you shall not touch that chest. Let the poor child keep her trinkets!"

"Curse ye! Who gave you leave to interfere?"

The girl interposed. Her brown eyes made Sam shrink back—it was so full of purity and yet so penetrating.

"Don't quarrel, men. Here, I'll give you the worth of those trinkets, if you'll only let me keep them!"

So saying, she took out her purse, and there, Sam a couple of gold pieces, and "Money!" he yelled, and scrambled up the gold.

Wreckers have no gallantry. The purse was quickly snatched from the girl's hand, and the rest of her money taken possession of. For interfering in this little game Jack Brand was knocked senseless.

Meanwhile the chest was logged off into one of the wrecked cabins along the coast.

"If you won't meddle with that chest," pleaded the girl, who, bending with feminine pity over Jack, now saw him open his eyes, "I'll give you more money when I get to my brother's, in Boston!"

Her speech was addressed to those who were carrying off the chest.

Soon after quarters were assigned her in a cabin occupied by one of the wreckers. Through the window Jack Brand watched her a long time, drinking in her loveliness and swearing to himself that he would die in her defense. Then he thought him of the chest. Perhaps, even at this moment, the wretches were rifling it. He hurried along the coast in the direction of the cabin whither the chest had been conveyed. Chancing to glance seaward, as he moved on, he saw a light about three miles off.

"Another vessel!" he muttered; "but she will not be wrecked, at all events, as the gale has gone down. I'm tired of this wretched life. Somehow the sight of that girl has changed me—made me feel as if I wanted to be a good man."

Thus committing himself, he moved on, now and then glancing seaward to fancy he could make out the outlines of a boat coming shoreward. Finally he regained the cabin he was in search of. There was a bright light in it. He peered through the window, to behold Red Law, armed with a pistol, bending over the chest, which he was endeavoring to break open. The pistol was evidently for the purpose of keeping off any other wrecker who should come for a share of the spoil.

"The rascal!" muttered Jack—"that's her chest, and I'm determined it shall not be molested!"

Fortunately, there was no look upon the door.

Through this Jack, stealing gently, suddenly pounced upon Sam, hurling him back from the chest, and endeavoring to wrench his pistol from his hand.

A desperate struggle ensued, during which the pistol dropped from Sam's grasp. He drew his knife, and endeavored to plunge it into Jack's heart. The youth avoided it by rolling over, and managed to clutch his assailant's throat. Sam, who was a powerful man, released himself by pushing Jack over with his knees. At the same moment both men sprung up, Sam having now secured his pistol. His finger was upon the trigger, when Jack rushed toward him, and bracing his knee upon the chest, endeavored to push him back. Sam, however, quickly recovering his balance, was about discharging

the weapon at his assailant, when the door opened, revealing an unexpected apparition!

His whole dark face convulsed with horror beneath his slouched hat, his black eyes protruding, his finger apparently frozen to the trigger of his weapon, Sam stood like one spell-bound, staring at the new comer in the doorway.

"My God! Captain Bond!" it was uttered, screamed the wretch, in horrified accents.

Jack, still retaining his hold of Sam, looked toward the apparition, to behold the exact counterpart of the murdered captain.

There was the pea-jacket, the full person, the short velvet breeches, the woollen stockings, the thick shoes and the face of the man, whose body had been thrown into the sea, years before.

The intruder, however, soon proved himself to be real flesh and blood.

"It is I, men!" he exclaimed, when about fifty armed sailors followed him into the cabin.

"Is this Red Sam?" he inquired, addressing the wrecker.

"It is," said Jack, answering for the wretch.

"Then, at last, I have found the murderer of my brother!"

In a moment Sam was made prisoner.

The stranger then stated that he was the twin brother of Captain Bond; that one of the wreckers who had left Barnegat, owed Sam a grudge, had met him, and told him all about the murder, when he (the captain) made up his mind, on his next voyage, to seek out the rascal and arrest him.

Jack now told him about the chest and the late castaways. Before all the wreckers could muster for resistance, the girl and the two wrecked sailors with Jack and the prisoner and the chest were taken aboard Captain Bond's vessel, which arrived at Boston in safety.

Red Sam was hung a few weeks later. Jack Brand saw more of Alice, the girl's castaway. By educating and otherwise improving himself, assisted by the girl's brother, who, on hearing how he had interfered in her behalf, took a great liking to him, the young man endeavored to make himself worthy of her.

His kind benefactor, at length, put him in his counting-house, where he conducted himself so well that his salary soon was doubled.

Finally he married Alice, and a happier couple never walked the streets of Boston.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## Chris. Coleman's Race.

We rode into camp that night dead beat, men and horses, particularly the latter, who, when picketed, immediately went to wallowing, a sure sign that they had been severely taxed.

And they certainly had been, for the Indians we were in pursuit of had managed to get to windward of us and fire the grass before we were aware of their object.

The weeds were tall and dry and the wind high, so it can easily be imagined that we did not have much leisure for the next four or five hours, but by hard riding we got to the timber before the fire got to us, though there wasn't much time to spare.

"Twar a tight rub, boyes," said Chris. Coleman, our best scout and trapper, as we lay around loose after supper; "but 'twan't quite as close as I see once afore."

"Burrn' perairy?" asked one of the fellows.

"Yes," said Chris, continuing to sew his bridle-rein where it had broken during the race.

"Tell us about that, Chris," exclaimed some one of those who were lying near the granger, a request that instantly brought all hands together.

"What is that, boyes, that some folks says about some sort uv a wind, that'll rub one feller out an' leave 't'her un' on his pins all right an' squar'?"

"You mean an ill wind that blows nobody good?"

"I reckon. What I means ar', that the fust feller gokin' under helps 't'other un', an' 't'her's the very way that Chris. Coleman's sittin' layre this day alive an' kickin'!"

"I war 't'her feller that time," Chris. continued.

"I war durin' the time when Cap'n Jack (the celebrated ranger, Jack Hays), led the rangers, that the circumstance uv which I'm about to tell, took place. Most uv you fellers know'd the cap'n, some uv yer didn't, an' 't'her's the wuss fur yer, an' them as did know him I'll say he war a screamer; war'n't he, boyes?"

"He war," "you bet!" "nothin' else!" were heard on every side.

"Lor'ly, jess to see that man 'mong a lot uv Comanches, er a grist uv greasers! It war a sight, it war."

"Well, word kin to us while we were in camp down in the Brazos bottoms, that the imp's had murdered an' skulped a whole family up to'ards the north some'ers, an' in five minits we war off, Cap'n Jack hisself a-leadin' the mob."

"Then news war true, ev'ry word uv it, an' more too, fer instid uv one family they war three uv 'em, ev'ry mother's son uv 'em rubbed out an' skulped. Wough't it war a nasty sight, an' it sot Cap'n Jack a-bilin'!"

He war the maddest man I ever see, an' the way he cussed an' ripped round war a caution, an' no mistake.

"It war a big party, an' they left a broad trail, which we followed at a 'lope all thet day an' 'ther next, an' one more arter thet."

"We druv the imp's outen their road, an' made 'em take to the big perairy 't'other side uv the Cross-Timbers. You all knows what thet little patch uv perairy ar'—ride in a bee-line fur a week an' not see a stick o' timber as big as a gun-rod!"

"Twar the airy spring uv the year, boyes, an' the grass war as dry as a powder-horn, an' Cap'n Jack felt a leetle squeamish-like 'bout venturin' out into it. But the trail led plump smack across, an' he sed as how de Imps could stan' it, he reckined we could, too, an' on we went neck an' heels."

"Ye all know, boyes, jess as well as I doos, thet it war risky, powerful risky, an' I sum uv the fellers grumbled at it, but you kin bet heavy thet they didn't grumble loud 'nough fur 'em to hear 'em."

"Twar 'bout the middle uv the day when we struck their perairy, an' thet night, late, we camped in the grass, an' got a good start at sun-up next mornin', but we didn't travel long in thet direckshun, not thet time, ennyhow."

"Afore a great while Cap'n Jack pulled up the big black he war a-ridin', all uv a heap, an' we see him raise up in their stirrups an' take a good long squint away to'ards the west, when we all see a kind uv cloud, es it war a-lilin'!"

"Kentuck chap, ye remember; 'Thar's a Norther'!"

"Lor'ly, boyes, I wishes sum uv ye could 'a' seen old Joe Logstone when he hear Skippy say 'Norther'!"

"Norther'!" says Joe, savage as a meat-az, "ee durned fool, it ar' a Norther thet'll scorch your bones afore two hours, green es year!"

"The cloud war a-gittin' bigger n' bigger, an' the cussed fast, too, an' yit Cap'n Jack sat thar a-lookin' an' a-gazin' es though he hed lost his senses like, while we fellers,

ashamed to say a word, war a-chaffin' an' cussin' all to ourselves."

"Boyos," says the cap'n at last, an' jess es cool as ever, "the imp's hev set the grass afire, an' we've got to ride fer it!"

"Hooray!" shouted the whole lot, though what the duce they were hoorayin' at I couldn't tell, but I hollowed too.

Now mind, my lads," he sed, "keep well together, fer we may hev ter turn an' fight the cussed thing. You understand me? an' with thet he motioned us to be off, while we war, he bringin' up the rear, es though to protect it like."

He war allers jess so, first in a slashin' charge, an' the last un' to get away."

"Well, boyes, you know thet ride we've hed to-day war a tough un', but I swar it war only a nice gallup to what thet un war."

"The grass an' weeds war higher'n' thet mustangs' backs, an' war thick an' tough to git through, 'sides which the dust an' fuz offen the leaves an' sich choked the poor critters at ev'ry jump."

"Behind us thet cloud war a-ragin' an' tumblin', an' Lord! how it did travel!"

"I ain't no hand at tellin' how the cussed thing looked; all I knows is, it war 'nough ter make a gamer man nor I am wish he war well away from it. An' I've seed many a burnin' perairy, but nothin' thet ever looked so skeery es thet."

"Well, fer three or four hours we hilt our own purty well, but by'mby the critters begin to show signs uv finkin' an' then we know'd Ole Nick war to pay, fer from thet time the fire begin to gain. Cap'n Jack war still behind, speakin' to the boyes an' keepin' 'em up, you know. His big black war es fresh es ever, an' he could 'a' gone strait away from thet fire, but he war'n't thet sort, not he. Why, boyes, he'd a stayed thar with thet balance of he'd a thought he'd burn the next minit."

"Well, es luck would hev it, my mustang war the fust ter give out, an' the next war un rode by a big feller. I hopes he's restin' easy now, fer he war the best friend I ever hed, from Missouri, named Didlake."

"Our hosses war dead beat, knocked up, kerfussed, an' we both know'd it, an' so did Cap'n Jack."

"Hold him up, Chris," sez he, but I shook my head an' says:

"It ar' no use, cap'n. Me an' Didlake ar' a-goin' ter try an' reach thet bit uv high ground yonder an' cl'ar the top afore the fire grus' us."

"I hed seed a smart bit uv a rise in thet place, an' I thought I'd try it."

"Thet was a smart bit, but she can read French with a great deal of sang-froid and *chouffant*, but she can't pronounce it, and she supposes that is the reason why she can't understand it. All she has to do is to pronounce the words exactly thet opposite from what they spell, and she will be right ev'ry time, or I will masticate my *chapeau*."

The hardest of heart-breaking things in this world is the laying down rules of honesty and expecting—yes, almost forcing—a man to keep them. It's tyrannous.

It is said that a young lady treats the fellow she thinks the most of with the greatest indifference; but, young man, don't you hang your hat too high on this rule.

A DEAD maxim is a max-i-mum, and a little dead fish is a minnow-mum.

A YOUNG lady prides herself on her small hands, but at a game of whist she is pleased if she has large hands.

NEARLY an accident. A hatchway upon which a man was standing this morning gave away letting him through. He would have severely injured himself if he had fallen to the ground, but a friendly rope around his neck prevented the accident; and in twenty-five minutes the surgeons pronounced him all right. Dear reader, let us look well to our footing, whatever our platform is.

HONESTY is sure of a reward. When my mother used to send me for two pounds of raisins she always gave me one pound because I didn't eat both pounds up.

ARTISTS represent Justice as being blind. Foolish people, why don't they also paint her with her ears off?

WHAT is an island? A body of land a good ways from shore.

WHAT is a cataract? Something you can take all in your eye at once.

WHAT is a city? A small town with an unreliable newspaper.

WHAT are the five states of intellectual society? Congressional, savage, barbarous, half-civilized and civilized.

WHAT is aristocracy? The divine right of refusing to pay all of your debts.

Beach. Of what kind of wood is the sea-board? Beach.

THERE was a vacancy lately in a committee-list in Congress. A senator said more than he meant when he told them to put him in for the blank.

THIS painter wasn't more than a mile out of the way when he made the druggist's sign read: "Physicians' prescriptions carefully *confounded*."

SODAWATER is what I might call the Airy-sip-clas.

Be not wise in thine own eyes, but make thyself appear wise in others.

FLATTERY is the best bait to catch a fool.

It is said that a tribe in South America eat clay. They are the greatest people that live on American soil.

THE nights in Sweden are so light that the inhabitants are obliged to carry dark lanterns.

SMITH, going out, told his wife he wouldn't be home till eight. Coming back at twelve, he pacified her by assuring her that he said till late.

THE life of a young man may be called *history*; but, when I draw the comparison down to a finer point, I think the life of many a fashionable young woman is a *misadventure*.

THE Prussians have left the Rhine and gone after M(a)ltz.

A FLEA once resided on me for fifty years. I think it was fifty years—it was a long time, anyhow; at least I thought so. It never ventured away from home one moment, and the confounded little beast never bit me only when I didn't want it. I used to hunt for it with a double-barreled shot-gun, and once I put a charge of shot in one of its hind legs, but it soon got over that. At last one day it ventured down on the floor, when I hit it on the back with an ax and injured its spine, and it died, and the spirit of that flea flew.

It is as difficult for a woman to give up her glass as for a man.

## Beat Time's Notes.

NOTE.—I don't find half as much difficulty in getting these notes off as I do my others, which are a little more promising in their character, and calculated to make a man do almost any thing else but smile.

From some trifling peculiarities which I find in the dissection of my daily hash, I am led to think that the cook has an unbroken habit of seasoning with a bottle of hair-restorative. I have been led by the hair to think so.

This offer of a hand in marriage is a legal-tender proceeding.

SEVILLE, in Spain, is thought to be the greatest place for seville-ity in the world.

DIRECTIONS for using our improved *ache powders*.—For toothache put some in the hollow of the tooth, for headache put some of the powders in the hollow of your head. Instant relief is guaranteed in from three to four days. Beware of counterfeits—when you send us the money.

In introducing congressman Negley to a party of gentlemen in Washington the other day, the introducer made an unfortunate hit by saying: "This is Mr. Negley, gents."

LOUIS NARLEON is a lineal and superficial descendant of Bonaparte. His descent, indeed, has been rapid.

I HATE to hear people blowing about their almsgiving; it is disreputable and mean. That two dollars which I gave the other day for the benefit of the poor I have never mentioned. I never would say a word about the dollar and a half which I gave for the purpose of building an orphan asylum—the change to go toward establishing a fund for the orphans. How would I shrink from saying any thing about that load of wood I sent to a starving family in the suburbs; or from breathing of that sack of flour which I sent to a freezing family of small children lately!

I never let my right hand know what my left hand is doing, and always give without publicity, thereby I have become known all over the world as the most charitable man of my means, and I would that there were more like me, for then it would come a little easier on me.

A YOUNG lady writes to me that she can read French with a great deal of *sang-froid* and *chouffant*, but she can't pronounce it, and she supposes that is the reason why she can't understand it. All she has to do is to pronounce the words exactly thet opposite from what they spell, and she will be right ev'ry time, or I will masticate my *chapeau*.

The hardest of heart-breaking things in this world is the laying down rules of honesty and expecting—yes, almost forcing—a man to keep them. It's tyrannous.

It is said that a young lady treats the fellow she thinks the most of with the greatest indifference; but, young man, don't you hang your hat too high on this rule.

A DEAD maxim is a max-i-mum, and a little dead fish is a minnow-mum.

A YOUNG lady prides herself on her small hands, but at a game of whist she is pleased if she has large hands.

NEARLY an accident. A hatchway upon which a man was standing this morning gave away letting him through. He would have severely injured himself if he had fallen to the ground, but a friendly rope around his neck prevented the accident; and in twenty-five minutes the surgeons pronounced him all right. Dear reader, let us look well to our footing, whatever our platform is.

HONESTY is sure of a reward. When my mother used to send me for two pounds of raisins she always gave me one pound because I didn't eat both pounds up.

ARTISTS represent Justice as being blind. Foolish people, why don't they also paint her with her ears off?

WHAT is an island? A body of land a good ways from shore.

WHAT is a cataract? Something you can take all in your eye at once.

WHAT is a city? A small town with an unreliable newspaper.

WHAT are the five states of intellectual society? Congressional, savage, barbarous, half-civilized and civilized.

WHAT is aristocracy? The divine right of refusing to pay all of your debts.

Beach. Of what kind of wood is the sea-board? Beach.

THERE was a vacancy lately in a committee-list in Congress. A senator said more than he meant when he told them to put him in for the blank.

THIS painter wasn't more than a mile out of the way when he made the druggist's sign read: "Physicians' prescriptions carefully *confounded*."

SODAWATER is what I might call the Airy-sip-clas.

Be not wise in thine own eyes, but make thyself appear wise in others.

FLATTERY is the best bait to catch a fool.

It is said that a tribe in South America eat clay. They are the greatest people that live on American soil.

THE nights in Sweden are so light that the inhabitants are obliged to carry dark lanterns.

SMITH, going out, told his wife he wouldn't be home till eight. Coming back at twelve, he pacified her by assuring her that he said till late.

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